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WARRIORS OF THE WORLD Nº2
THE COMMANDOS

The British Commandos — silent tigers of the night—made many daring raids on enemy territory during World War II. Read more about them on page 2!

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SMASH CHAT!

SMASH! IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Hi, pals!

It's me again—Mike, the youngest member of the staff.

For the past few days the SMASH! offices have been like Dodge City! The reason? The terrific SMASHMATIC gun. All the staff—from old Flo' the tealady up to the big, bad Ed himself—fancy themselves as crackshot marksmen. Believe me, getting from my desk to the sweetshop up the road is like running the gauntlet—and as it's a journey I make about six times a day, you can imagine that I'm beginning to look a bit the worse for wear! Still, we're all agreed that it's a great free gift—so let's hope you have as much fun with it as we have.

By the way, thanks for all the letters you've been sending in, telling me how much you enjoyed the first issue of the new-look SMASH! Keep 'em coming!

'Bye for now.

Mike

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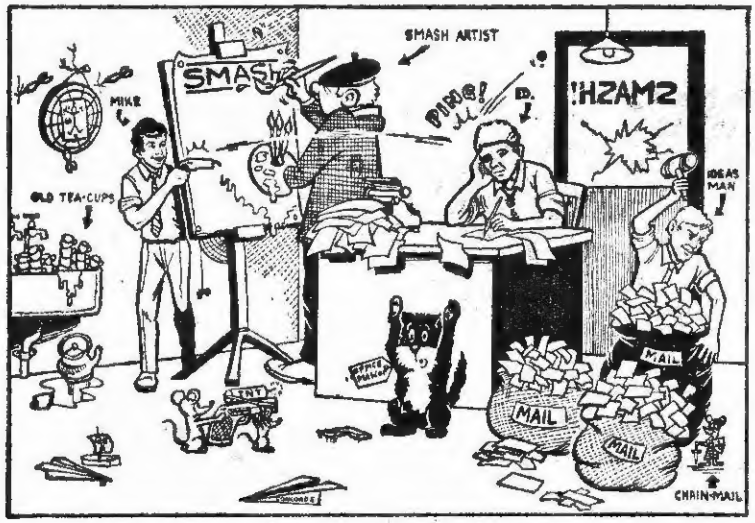

THIS WEEK'S COVER FEATURE

THE COMMANDOS

THE British Commandos were, without any doubt, the toughest soldiers of World War II—an elite body of fighting men who struck terror into the hearts of the enemy.

Surprisingly enough, the name Commando was first used by the Boers to describe a small mobile unit which was engaged in making lightning attacks on the British forces during the South African War (1899-1902). These outfits operated with great success, and it was probably for this reason that their name was adopted by the British for the first contingents assigned to special missions behind enemy lines during the Norwegian campaign of 1940. After Dunkirk, these groups were organised into battalions and formed into raiding parties that co-operated with the RAF and the Royal Navy.

The original Commandos were drawn from volunteers of the Royal Marines and all the regiments of the British Army; but in 1942 some became known officially as the Royal Marine Commandos. After training, each man was expected to be a crackshot with rifle and pistol, an expert at unarmed combat, a deadly exponent of the knife and bayonet, and a specialist in demolition, both with and without explosives. He also had to be capable of marching thirty miles in one day, carrying full pack, and be fit enough to go into battle at the end of it.

So tough, in fact, were the demands made of these early volunteers that only five per cent of them finally made the grade. But once they had received the coveted green beret of the fully-trained Commando, these super soldiers soon won fame and respect.

Since the war, the Commandos have served with pride and distinction in Malaya, Korea, Cyprus and Aden . . . upholding their glorious position in British military history!

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MASTER OF THE MARSH

THE PUPILS OF MARSHSIDE COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL WERE SO WILD, THEY WERE NICKNAMED THE 'MONSTERS OF THE MARSH'. IN AN ATTEMPT TO RESTORE DISCIPLINE, THE SCHOOL'S NEW HEAD-MASTER, MR. GOODEY, TOOK SOME OF THE BOYS FOR A NATURE-RAMBLE IN THE NEARBY FEN-COUNTRY. BENT ON MISCHIEF, KNOCKER REEVES AND HIS TWO CRONIES SNEAKED AWAY, AND WERE THROWING STONES AT A FAMILY OF COYPUS. WHEN AN AMAZING FIGURE APPEARED!

KLEEE-AAAK!
NAAARKLE!
STONE ME! HE-HE SEEMS TO BE *CALLING* TO THEM BIRDS!
THE FLAMIN' THINGS ARE *COMING* AT US, AS... AS IF THEY MEAN TO *ATTACK*!

WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS SNORT, KNOCKER REEVES LET FLY AT A DIVING STORK!
WHIZZZ..!
IT'S SOME KIND OF *BLUFF*! SCAAAT, YOU OVERGROWN CANARY!

BUT THE SWOOPING BIRD IGNORED THE VICIOUSLY-HURLED STONE, AND...
AAAANNNF!
THWUMP!

NEXT INSTANT...
FLUTTER!
PECK!
SCRATCH!
TH-THEY *ARE* ATTACKING US! *LOOK OUT..!*
OWWW! *GETTOFF*, YOU LITTLE..!
YEEE-AAARGH!

NOT FAR AWAY, THE HOOLIGANS' BELLOWS REACHED THE EARS OF MR. GOODEY AND THE OTHER BOYS!
HAAALP!
CRIKEY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE *KNOCKER* AND HIS PALS! I WONDER WHAT'S UP?
HOW *DARE* THE YOUNG RASCALS LEAVE THE PARTY WITHOUT PERMISSION! *JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THEM!*

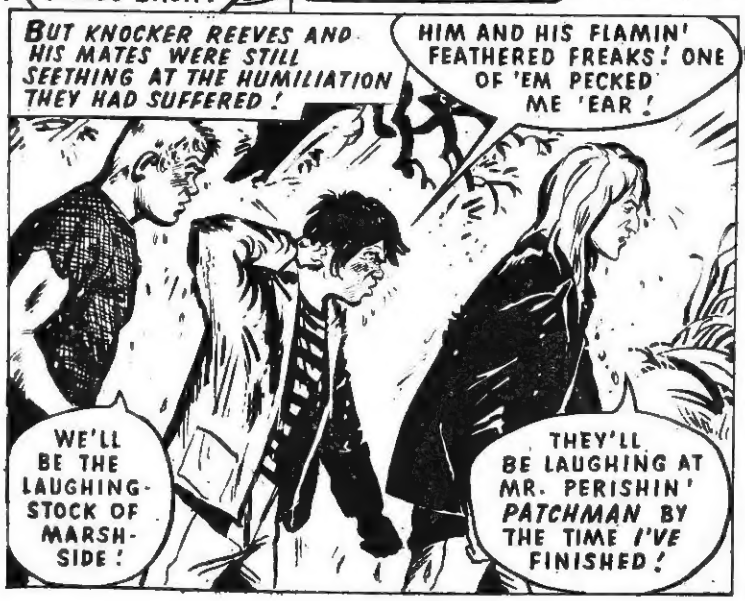
CONTINUED OVERLEAF—

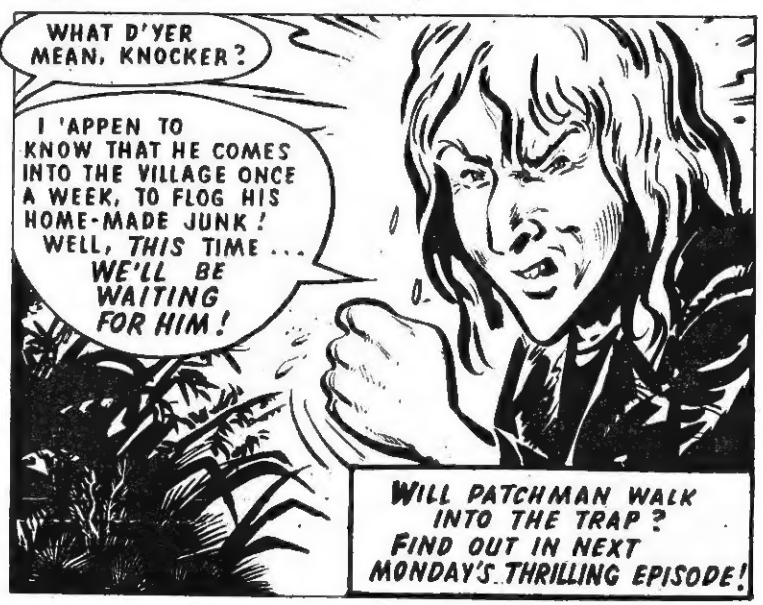
BUT AS THEY SOON DISCOVERED, MR. GOODEY'S AUTHORITY WAS NO LONGER REQUIRED!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER! GASP! C-CALL 'EM OFF! WE.. WE SURRENDER!
IT.. IT'S PATCHMAN, SIR... THAT WILD BLOKE WE WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT — THE ONE THAT LIVES IN THE FENS!
HE'S CAUGHT OLD KNOCKER..!
HE'S GOING TO DROWN 'EM! HE'S C-CRACKERS, I TELL YER!
W-WANT ME TO FETCH A COPPER, MR. GOODEY?
OF COURSE NOT! I'M QUITE CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH THIS... ER... FELLOW MYSELF!
NERVOUSLY, MR. GOODEY APPROACHED THE STRANGELY-CLAD FIGURE!
NOW THEN, MY GOOD MAN.. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THOSE BOYS? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THEY ARE PUPILS FROM MY SCHOOL!
THEN YOU BE OF EQUAL BLAME, TEACHER!
PERHAPS THEY WOULD NOT HAVE CAST STONES AT THE FURRY STREAM-DWELLERS, IF YOU HAD TAUGHT THEM THE HABIT OF KINDNESS!
F-FURRY STREAM-DWELLERS?
HE MEANS THEM COYPUS, SIR! WE WAS ONLY 'AVIN' A GAME WITH 'EM... HONEST!
YEAH! THERE WEREN'T NO NEED TO SET THESE BIRDS ON US!
PATCHMAN'S EYES BLAZED, AS, WITH A SLIGHT GESTURE, HE DISPERSED THE HOVERING BIRDS!
LET THE FURY OF THE WINGED ONES BE A WARNING! THERE IS NO PLACE IN MY LANDS FOR SUCH GAMES, AS YOU CALL THEM..!
AS IF THEY SENSED THAT IT WAS NOW SAFE TO RETURN, THE FAMILY OF COYPUS HAD REAPPEARED!
THE FENS BELONG TO THOSE THAT DWELL IN THEM! I HAVE TAUGHT THEM TO TRUST ALL HUMAN KIND!

THEREFORE, I CANNOT ALLOW ANYONE TO BREAK THAT TRUST! REMEMBER THAT, TEACHER, WHEN YOU BRING YOUR HERD THIS WAY AGAIN!
HOW D-DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT!
I'VE A GOOD MIND TO... I SAY! COME BACK HERE! STOP...!
BUT MR. GOODEY FOUND THAT HE WAS TALKING TO THIN AIR!
THE FELLOW'S GONE - VANISHED! AS... AS IF HE'D NEVER EXISTED!
WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY CHAP! YOU SAY HIS NAME IS 'PATCHMAN', BOYS?
THAT'S ONLY WHAT WE CALL HIM, SIR... ON ACCOUNT OF THAT FUNNY JACKET HE WEARS!
NO-ONE KNOWS HIS REAL NAME!
THEY RECKON HE USED TO BE A SORT OF GAME-KEEPER, FOR THE FAMILY THAT LIVED IN THAT OLD HOUSE OVER THERE!
WHEN THE PEOPLE MOVED OUT, BECAUSE OF THE FLOODS, PATCHMAN STAYED BEHIND! HE'S BEEN PROWLING AROUND THE FENS EVER SINCE!

THIS TIME, THE UNRULY PUPILS OF THE 'MARSH' DIDN'T WAIT FOR MR. GOODEY'S COMMAND!

GIVES ME THE CREEPS, HE DOES... TALKING TO ANIMALS LIKE THAT! I RECKON HE'S A SORT OF WOLF-MAN!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES BACK!
THAT'S IT, BOYS... FORM INTO COLUMN OF TWOS!


BUT KNOCKER REEVES AND HIS MATES WERE STILL SEETHING AT THE HUMILIATION THEY HAD SUFFERED!
HIM AND HIS FLAMIN' FEATHERED FREAKS! ONE OF 'EM PECKED ME 'EAR!
WE'LL BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF MARSH-SIDE!
THEY'LL BE LAUGHING AT MR. PERISHIN' PATCHMAN BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED!


WHAT D'YER MEAN, KNOCKER?
I 'APPEN TO KNOW THAT HE COMES INTO THE VILLAGE ONCE A WEEK, TO FLOG HIS HOME-MADE JUNK! WELL, THIS TIME ... WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!
WILL PATCHMAN WALK INTO THE TRAP? FIND OUT IN NEXT MONDAY'S THRILLING EPISODE!

REBBELS ON THE RUN

HEARING THAT THEY WERE TO BE SENT TO DIFFERENT ORPHANAGES, THE REBBEL BROTHERS, MIKE, TUG AND RUPERT, DECIDED TO RUN AWAY, RATHER THAN BE SEPARATED.

BUT THEIR ESCAPE BID SEEMED DOOMED WHEN RUPERT TRIPPED, AND ACCIDENTALLY FIRED HIS CAP-PISTOL, WHICH ALERTED THE OFFICIALS WHO HAD CALLED TO COLLECT THEM!

THEY MUST BE TRYING TO RUN AWAY, MR. TRASK!

YOU BOYS— STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

OH, MY STARS..!

RUPERT REBBEL WAS STILL TANGLED UP IN HIS TOY GUN-BELT!

CLUMSY LITTLE PERISHER! WE... WE'RE *SUNK*! YOU'VE RUINED *EVERYTHING*!

AAAOWWCH!

NOT YET, HE HASN'T, TUG..!

DIVING FORWARD, MIKE REBBEL KICKED AT A WOODEN CHEST, WHICH STOOD AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS!

IT'S *YOUR* MOULDY GEAR, ANYWAY! SO... *TAKE IT*!

UUUH? L-LOOK OUT, MISS BARKER!

A DELUGE OF SPORTS EQUIPMENT BUMPED AND CLATTERED DOWN THE STAIRS!

GOOD OLD MIKE! THAT'S STOPPED 'EM!

EEEEK!

BOINNK!

UUUF!

BUT NOT FOR LONG! GET *GOING*... HEAD FOR THE *FIRE-ESCAPE*!

WAIT FOR MEEEEEE!

MIKE WRENCHED OPEN THE DOOR THAT LED TO THE FIRE-ESCAPE ...

ONE OF THESE DAYS, RUPERT, YOU'LL DO SOMETHING *RIGHT* FOR A CHANGE! GRAB HIM, TUG!

I.. I'M *SORRY*, MIKE, HONEST!

I C-CLEAN FORGOT THERE WAS A CAP IN MY PISTOL, MIKE-!

ALL RIGHT, SHRIMP... SAVE YOUR BREATH! WE'RE NOT OUT OF TROUBLE *YET*!

MIKE REBBEL WAS RIGHT!

I... I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT USE THE FIRE-ESCAPE! *PLEASE*, BOYS... *DON'T DO IT*!

MR. CODGELY!

FOR AN INSTANT, THE RUNAWAYS PAUSED BEFORE THE ELDERLY GOVERNOR OF THE 'BRICK-HEAP'...

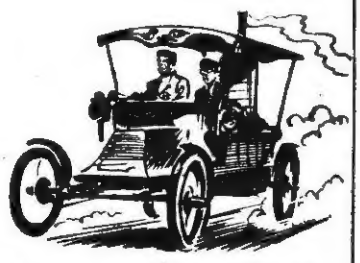
DON'T TRY TO *STOP* US, MR. CODGELY! WE REBBELS HAVE NEVER BEEN SEPARATED IN OUR LIVES... AND THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO STAY!

BUT WE'LL NEVER FORGET HOW *DECENT* YOU'VE BEEN TO US!

YEAH! WE DON'T MEAN NUFFIN' AGAINST *YOU*!

SO LONG! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
YES! I.. I SUPPOSE YOU ALWAYS WILL BE REBELS AT HEART! GOOD LUCK, LADS! I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT..!
AN INFURIATED BELLOW INTERRUPTED THE GOVERNOR'S THOUGHTS!
CODGELY! DON'T STAND THERE DREAMING, MAN! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?
WHAT? OH, Y-YES! NOW, LET ME SEE...!
THEY WENT THAT WAY... INTO THE SHRUBBERY!
COME ALONG, MISS BARKER! THE LITTLE WRETCHES CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD OF US!
BUT MR. CODGELY HAD DELIBERATELY MIS-LED THE REBBELS' PURSUERS!
LET'S GO, YOU REBBELS!
NO... THERE THEY ARE— COMING OUT OF THE BICYCLE SHEDS!
YOU BLUNDERING FOOL, CODGELY! YOU'D BETTER TELEPHONE THE POLICE! TELL THEM WE'VE GOT THREE RUNAWAYS ON OUR HANDS!
QUICKLY, MR. TRASK..!
AS THE BROTHERS SHOT OUT THROUGH THE GATES OF THE ORPHANAGE...
THEY'RE COMING AFTER US IN THE CAR! RUPERT, GET A FLAMIN' MOVE ON!
I'M G-GOING AS FAST AS I CAN! GASP!
D-DON'T LEAVE ME, MIKE... PLEASE!
IT'S NO GOOD! RUPERT'S SLOWING US DOWN... THEY'RE GAINING!
MAKE FOR THAT SIDE-STREET!
BUT, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, MIKE REBBEL REALISED HIS MISTAKE!
MY STARS... I- I FORGOT! THIS WAY LEADS TO THE LEVEL-CROSSING! AND THERE'S A TRAIN DUE ABOUT NOW!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME, MIKE... LOOK!
THEY'RE CLOSING THE GATES! WE... WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH!
WE MIGHT, TUG... BUT RUPERT HASN'T A CHANCE!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? SEE NEXT WEEK'S EXCITEMENT!

Bunsen's Burner



IN HIS WILL, AN ECCENTRIC UNCLE HAD LEFT BEN BUNSEN A FORTUNE, PROVIDED HE COULD JOURNEY A TEMPERAMENTAL STEAM-DRIVEN CAR AROUND THE WORLD. BECAUSE BEN COULDN'T DRIVE, RALLY-DRIVER DUSTY MYLES AGREED TO GO ALONG. BUT SOON AFTER THEY HAD STARTED OUT FROM CALAIS, THE VILLAINOUS *OCTOPUS* (HIRED BY BEN'S COUSIN, WHO STOOD TO INHERIT THE FORTUNE IF BEN FAILED) USED A POWERFUL MAGNET TO MAKE *BUNSEN'S BURNER* RUN AMOK...

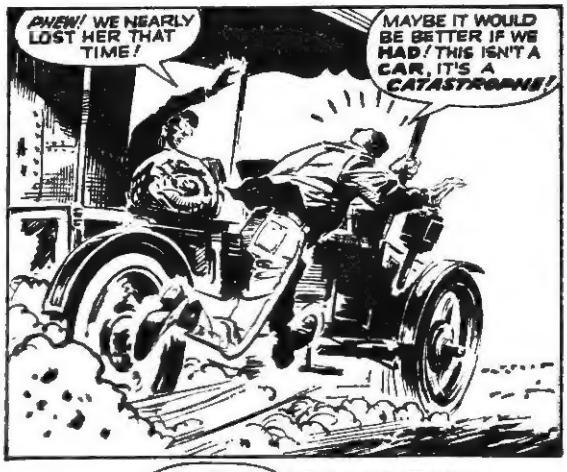
THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE NATURE OF THE SLIMY-LOOKING, GREEN EXPANSE AHEAD...
DUSTY, WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR A *SWAMP!*
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN *DO* ABOUT IT! THE STEERING'S JAMMED AND THE WHEELS AREN'T GRIPPING! WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT!

WELL, AT LEAST WE DIDN'T GO INTO THE SWAMP! AND *BUNSEN'S BURNER* IS STILL IN ONE PIECE!
OF ALL THE *CURSED, CANTANKEROUS* CARS! JUST **LOOK** AT HER! HISSING AND STEAMING AWAY... AS IF IT WAS **OUR** DOING!

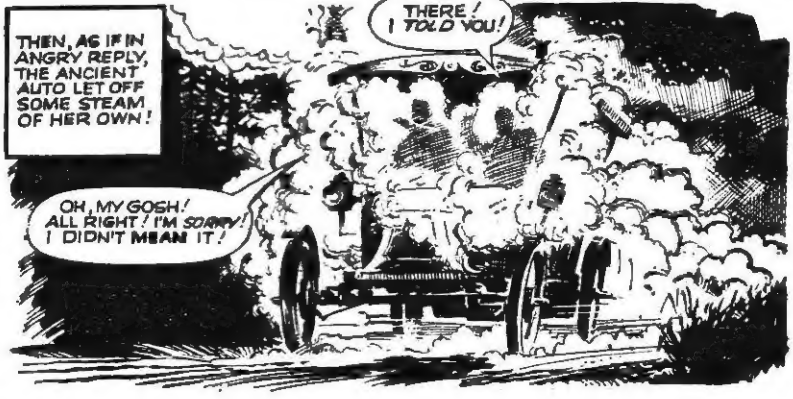
YOU WON'T BACK OUT, WILL YOU, DUSTY? I SHAN'T INHERIT UNCLE EBENEZER'S FORTUNE WITHOUT YOU...
DON'T WORRY, BEN! I GAVE YOU MY WORD, AND I'LL STICK TO IT! NOW, WE'D BETTER GET THE BURNER BACK ON THE ROAD!

AN HOUR LATER...
UUUH, THIS OLD CROCK MUST WEIGH A TON!
KEEP PUSHING! WE'LL FIND OUT WHY SHE WON'T START WHEN WE GET HER BACK ON *FLAT GROUND!*

BUT THE INSTANT THEY REACHED THE ROAD...
WELL, I'LL BE — ! NOW SHE'S DECIDED HER ENGINE'S OKAY *AFTER ALL!*
SHE'S RUNNING AWAY! QUICK, DUSTY... WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HER!



THIS BONE-SHAKER IS JUST DOWNRIGHT *TEMPERAMENTAL!* ANY SENSIBLE PERSON WOULD LET HER WRECK HERSELF! BUT WE *CAN'T*... *IT'S LIKE **BEING CHAINED TO A MONSTER!***
BE CAREFUL, DUSTY! DO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY!


THEN, AS IF IN ANGRY REPLY, THE ANCIENT AUTO LET OFF SOME STEAM OF HER OWN!
THERE! I *TOLD* YOU!
OH, MY GOSH! ALL RIGHT! I'M *SORRY!* I DIDN'T **MEAN** IT!

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES AWAY, THE BRUISED OCTOPUS HAD BEEN FORCED TO RETURN TO HIS EERIE CHATEAU...
FOILED... BY A MOBILE SCRAP-HEAP! MY BEAUTIFUL MAGNET GUN LOST FOREVER! NEVER BEFORE HAS THE OCTOPUS BEEN BESTED.. NEVER WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN!
I'M GLAD I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE ENGLISHMEN! THEY'RE GOING TO SUFFER FOR MAKING THE BOSS LOOK SILLY BACK THERE!
INSIDE THE CHATEAU...
NOW, WHERE SHALL THE OCTOPUS STRIKE NEXT? AH, YES.. THIS IS THE ROUTE THEY ARE TAKING... AND HERE IS A LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD.. A NARROW RAILWAY BRIDGE! THIS IS A TASK FOR THE PAINTER!
AND SO A PLOT WAS HATCHED...
MAKE A GOOD JOB OF IT, MY ARTISTIC FRIEND! YOU HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY AND ALL NIGHT TO PREPARE THIS WORK OF ART! WE STRIKE AT MIDDAY TOMORROW!
AT NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY...
THIS IS A GOOD ROUTE, DUSTY... HARDLY ANY TRAFFIC TO BOTHER ABOUT! LOOK, NOTHING ON THE ROAD FOR MILES!
JUST AS WELL, BEN! THE BURNER MIGHT TAKE A DISLIKE TO ANOTHER CAR... AND RAM IT!
THE PALS DID NOT HEAR THE OCTOPUS'S SCREECH OF TRIUMPHANT LAUGHTER..
HEE-HEEEE! THEY'RE GOING UNDER THE BRIDGE! YOU DID YOUR WORK WELL, PAINTER!
ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT A PERSON, DUSTY... NOT AN OLD CAR!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BEN! I'VE BEEN LETTING THE BURNER GET UNDER MY SKIN!
THAT'S BETTER, DUSTY! WE'RE GOING WELL! RELAX... ENJOY THE SCENERY!
NEXT MOMENT...
THE SCENERY! WE... WE...
WE'RE GOING THROUGH IT! IT'S PAINTED... ON PAPER!
BEFORE DUSTY COULD BRAKE...
WE... WE'RE GOING INTO A LORRY...
HHHHHH!
AND AS BUNSEN'S BURNER DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARK DEPTHS...
ALORS! TAKE HER AWAY!
BEN, WE'VE BEEN HI-JACKED!
WHAT LIES IN STORE FOR THE OLD CAR AND ITS PASSENGERS?
GET NEXT MONDAY'S "SMASH!"

WIZARD PRANG
IN
WIZ WAR
DEMON DRUID
WHACK! THWOK! WALLOP! SMACK!
EEK! OO!
OOH, NASTY!
POOR OL' WIZ!
OH DEAR, THEY'RE BACK FROM THEIR HOLIDAYS!
YOU HAIRY OL' TWIT, THAT'S THE LAST TIME I FLY AWAY ON HOLIDAY WITH YOU!
BONK! THWOK! WHACK!
OOCH! GET OFF!
GO ON, YOU FEATHERED FIEND, TAKE HIM HOME!
TWEET! TWEET!
GULP!
GRRR! I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL CROAK THAT FAT FRAUD ONCE AN' FOR ALL!
THROB! THROB! THROB! THROB!
ICE
LATER...
HE, HE! A QUICK SWIG OF INSTANT BATS' WING JUICE AND—
?
IT'S WORKING— I'M FLOATING!
COO, I'M OUT OF WORK!
WHEEEE, AWAY WE GO! NOW TO SORT D.D. OUT!
DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE SO BUZZ OFF!
?!!
YOO, HOO! FAT OL' MOULDY FEATURES.
GRR! JUST YOU COME DOWN HERE AN' SAY THAT!
YAH! CAN'T GET ME!
ZOOM! ZAP! ZOOM!
ZAP!
GRR! I'LL FIX YOU, YOU OVERGROWN MOTH!
WHIRL
WHIZ
ZAP!
ZAP!
ZAP!
HELP! I'M FEELING DIZZY!
TEE, HEE!
ZAP!
ZAP!
URK!
ZAP!
HO, HO! POOR OL' D.D. HAS PUT A SPELL ON HIMSELF!
HAVE A LITTLE REST, OL' DRUID— YOU LOOK A BIT OFF-COLOUR! SNIGGER!
MUTTER, SNARL, CROAK!
NASTY GREEN COLOUR
FLIP! FLAP! FLAP! FLIP! FLAP! PLOP!

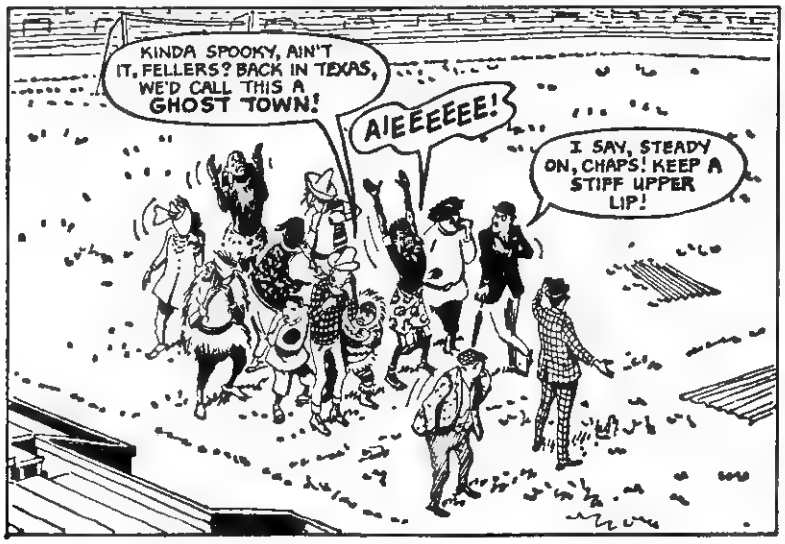
The World-Wide Wanderers

THE STRANGEST FOOTBALL TEAM IN THE LEAGUE, FOURTH DIVISION CLOGPOOL WANDERERS, WAS COMPOSED OF PLAYERS OF ELEVEN NATIONALITIES. THEY WERE SEAMEN STRANDED IN THE SUEZ CANAL WHEN THEIR SHIPS WERE HELD UP THERE, AND MILLIONAIRE HARRY KRAFT BROUGHT THEM TO ENGLAND TO PLAY FOR THE STRUGGLING YORKSHIRE CLUB HE HAD TAKEN OVER. BUT WHEN THE NEW TEAM ARRIVED AT CLOGPOOL, THEY FOUND IT DESERTED...

AYE WELL, AT LEAST ONE FAN TURNED UP TO WELCOME US, LADS!
OOP T'WANDERERS! LED 'EM OUT OF THE TUNNEL EVERY OTHER SATURDAY FOR FORTY YEARS, I 'AVE, AND NO-ONE'S GOIN' TO STOP ME NOW!

BUT AS THEY PASSED THE SHADOWS OF THE STADIUM TUNNEL...
I DON'T GET IT, POP! WHO'D WANT TO STOP YOU SUPPORTING THE WANDERERS, ANYWAY?
AH, WELL YOU MAY ASK...
GRAB THE OLD FOOL, BEFORE HE BLABS!

NEXT INSTANT, THE OLD MAN WAS JERKED OUT OF SIGHT...
HEY, OUR LONE FAN'S VANISHED! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
SPIRITS ARE ANGRY WITH WANDERERS!
IS BLACK MAGIC!



THE FIJIAN GOALKEEPER PERFORMED A WEIRD RITE...
WAHA! SHARKY WILL SACRIFICE FOOTER BALL TO GODS, TO TURN AWAY WRATH!
MERCY!
GET THESE SUPERSTITIOUS GUYS BACK IN THE COACH, OAKROYD, BEFORE THE TEAM GOES TO PIECES!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SOMEONE WAS WAITING FOR HARRY KRAFT AND HIS WANDERERS WHEN THEY REACHED THE TEAM'S COACH...

THERE MUST BE SOME REASON WHY THE WHOLE OF CLOGPOOL'S DESERTED...

SURE THERE'S A REASON, KRAFT! I CAME OVER TO PUT YOU IN THE PICTURE!

THE NAME'S SLOAN... MANAGER OF THE SPORTS CENTRE IN **NEW CLOGPOOL!** SINCE YOU FLEW OFF TO SUEZ, THE WHOLE POPULATION OF CLOGPOOL HAS MOVED LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL TO THE **NEW** TOWN THEY'VE BUILT NEXT DOOR!

THE COACH DROVE FROM THE DESERTED OLD TOWN TO THE BRAND NEW TOWN A MILE AWAY...

YOU'VE GOT A LEAGUE SOCCER TEAM ALL RIGHT, KRAFT... **BUT WITHOUT A SINGLE FAN LEFT TO SUPPORT IT!** THEY'RE ALL LIVING ROUND THE CORNER FROM MY STADIUM IN THE NEW TOWN!

HMM ... AND I SUPPOSE YOU RUN A SOCCER TEAM **TOO**, SLOAN...?

THE NEW SPORTS CENTRE BOASTED A HOTEL, GYMNASIUM AND FOOTBALL STADIUM...

TOO RIGHT I'VE GOT A SOCCER TEAM! AND THEY OUGHT TO BE PLAYING AS CLOGPOOL WANDERERS, IN PLACE OF YOUR FAR-FLUNG FOREIGNERS!

HOTEL

GYMNASIUM

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY STADIUM, KRAFT... SO YOUR TEAM CAN PLAY MINE IN A FRIENDLY TOMORROW... **THE WINNERS TO REPRESENT CLOGPOOL IN THE LEAGUE!**

HARRY KRAFT GLADLY ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE...

YOU'RE ON, SLOAN! LICKING YOUR TEAM WILL DRAW THE FANS BACK TO THE OLD TOWN TO SUPPORT MY WORLD-WIDE WANDERERS!

HAW, HAW! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MR. CLEVER KRAFT...

EVERYTHING'S FIXED, MR. SLOAN!

AS BULGY, THE TURKISH RIGHT-BACK, THREW A TREMENDOUS RIGHT AT THE PUNCHBAG...

OWWWW!

HURGH?

NICE WORK, MAXIE! THAT TRICK PUNCHBAG WILL START THE TROUBLE BREWING!

DISHONOURABLE TURKISH PERSON SHALL PAY FOR THAT!

ENGLISHMAN CAUSE INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT, HUH?

I SAY, STEADY ON! I DIDN'T MOVE THE PUNCHBAG!

THE RIVAL MANAGER WAS OUT TO DISRUPT THE WANDERERS...

KNOCK IT OFF, LADS! BETTER GET SOME SLEEP IN THE HOTEL ROOMS THAT MR. SLOAN'S LAID ON FOR YOU!

EXIT

SMASHING IDEA OF YOURS, GUV, TO GET THESE BLOKES AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS BY RIGGING **BOOBY-TRAPS** IN THEIR ROOMS!

IVAN, THE LEFT-BACK, AND TEX, THE RIGHT-HALF, WERE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF SLOAN'S PLAN...

GARRR! YOU START COLD WAR, HUH, YANK?

I DIDN'T FIX THAT BED, RUSSKI... BUT I'LL FIX YOU IF YOU GET ORNERY!

THE AFGHAN LEFT-WINGER, CHANG, AND HIS INDIAN PARTNER, BANDY, WERE NEXT...

GUUUUG! CRAFTY INDIAN PLAYS TRICK ON CHANG, HEH?

UNCIVILISED TRIBESMAN IS TALKING NONSENSE! GOOD WASH WILL DO HIM GOOD!

AT BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING...
CARAMBA! THIS COMES OF SHARING A TABLE WITH SAVAGES!
WHO CALLS SHARKY A SAVAGE?
WHAT'S UP WITH THE LADS, MR. KRAFT? THEY'RE ALL AT SIXES AND SEVENS!
MEXICAN BIG-HEAD!

PACK UP THE WORLD WAR, YOU LOT, AND GO OUT THERE TO WIN! IF YOU DON'T... YOU'LL BE ALL WASHED UP AS A FOOTBALL TEAM!
HUR, HUR! AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY YOU PLANNED IT, MR. SLOAN!

AS THE REFEREE BLEW HIS WHISTLE FOR THE START...
YEAH, WITH THOSE FOREIGNERS AT LOGGERHEADS WITH EACH OTHER, MY NEW TOWN TEAM WILL WALK AWAY WITH THE MATCH AND TAKE OVER THE LEAGUE FOURTH DIVISION SLOT!
HERE, SOME OF OUR BOYS ARE JUST STANDING THERE, MR. KRAFT!

THE WANDERERS WERE TOO FURIOUS WITH EACH OTHER TO PLAY FOOTBALL...
TACKLE HIM, ONE OF YOU!
HUH! IF YANK IS SO CLEVER, LET HIM GET BALL!
I AIN'T DOIN' YOUR DIRTY WORK FOR YOU, RUSSKI!

WHEN THE REFEREE RE-STARTED PLAY...
I NOT PASS TO ANYONE!
DISHONOURABLE PERSON KEEP BALL, THEN!
I AM NOT WISHING TO RECEIVE PASS FROM UNCOUTH AFRICAN!

THE WANDERERS IGNORED EACH OTHER... AND THE BALL!
IT'S THERE... NUMBER TWO!
THE WANDERERS WILL LOSE THIS GAME BY A HATFUL!
YOUR PLAN'S WORKING A TREAT, MR. SLOAN!

SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU FEUDING FOREIGNERS!
IT'S NO GOOD SHOUTING AT THEM, OAKROYD! UNLESS I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING, THE WORLD-WIDE WANDERERS WILL BE FINISHED BEFORE THEY'VE STARTED!

CAN HARRY KRAFT THINK OF AN ANSWER IN TIME? DON'T MISS THE FUN NEXT MONDAY — in "SMASH!"

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1969
PENNY! COME AND HELP ME DO THE GARDENING!
HUH! THAT'S DAD SHOUTIN' FOR ME!
JUDO
PENNY ISN'T HERE, MR. BROWN!
CATCH ME WORKING IN THE MOULDY OL' GARDEN!
PENNY IMITATING GEORGIE SMITH'S VOICE
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, PENNY!
CRUMP!
COME AND DO THE WEEDING!
I CAN'T DO ANY GARDENING, DAD, 'COS I'VE GOT A BOIL ON MY FOOT!
LYING AGAIN! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A BOIL ON YOUR FOOT!
COURSE I HAVE— FREDDY BOYLE!
GIMME YOUR PEASHOOTER!
?
GET PLANTING BULBS!
OOH! OOH! OUCH! ALL RIGHT THEN! DICTATOR!
PUFF!
PING! PING! PING!
ANTI-SNAIL PELLETS
LATER...
HAVE YOU FINISHED PLANTING THE BULBS YET, PENNY?
NEARLY, DAD!
HORRIBLE FLOWERS
PLOP!
ONLY ONE BULB LEFT TO PLANT, DAD!
AAAGH! YOU IDIOT! I MEANT TULIP BULBS, NOT LIGHT BULBS!
BATHROOM BULB
KITCHEN BULB
HALL BULB
LIVING ROOM BULB
FRONT DOOR BULB
BED-ROOM BULB
GET SOME WEEDING DONE!
I'LL PAY YOU SIXPENCE FOR EVERY TWENTY WEEDS YOU PULL UP!
MONEY!
I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE! I'LL PULL UP TEN THOUSAND WEEDS!
HEY, JIMMY— LEND ME YOUR DAD'S WEEDKILLER FLAME GUN OR I'LL TIP THIS LOT OVER YOU!
SMELLY MANURE
GULP!
WEEDS, HERE I COME! EXTERMINATE!
SIZZZ!
MY HEDGE! GONE UP IN SMOKE!
A SIX-FOOT HEDGE REDUCED TO A HALF-INCH HEDGE! COME HERE!
ZOOM!
NOT LIKELY!
I'LL HIDE FROM DAD IN HIS COMPOST HEAP!
THAT COMPOST IS SMELLY, PENNY!
HUH— I'D RATHER SMELL THAN YELL!
THINKS...
YELL!
WHACK!

CURSITOR DOOM

and the case of KALAK THE DWARF

EVEN WHILE **CURSITOR DOOM**, MASTER-INVESTIGATOR OF THE STRANGE AND MYSTIC, INTERVIEWED **ANGUS McCRAGGAN**, HIS NEW ASSISTANT, THE SINISTER FORCES OF EVIL WERE DARKLY MOVING.

A STATUE WAS FOUND, OF THE SAME SIZE AND LIKENESS AS **KALAK THE DWARF** WHO, CENTURIES BEFORE, HAD BEEN TURNED INTO STONE.

THIS WAS STOLEN BY AN UNSCRUPULOUS NEWSPAPER MAN, **SNEED**, WHO, WITH CUB REPORTER **PILKINS**, TOOK SHELTER FROM A STORM IN A DISUSED SHEPHERD'S HUT...

LIGHTNING FLASHED A FLEETING GLARE AS CURSITOR DOOM SAT BROODING IN HIS GLOOMY STUDY
CCCCAAA-CAAA!
YES, SCARAB, EVEN YOU... STRANGE RAVEN THAT YOU ARE... KNOW THAT THERE IS EVIL ABROAD THIS NIGHT!

THE MASTER'S LONG-NAILED FINGER LIFTED... TO POINT AT McCRAGGAN, HIS NEW ASSISTANT!
ANGUS, YOU HAVE AGREED TO HELP ME FIGHT WHATEVER EVIL AND MYSTIC THINGS THREATEN MANKIND! BE ASSURED... THE TIME OF YOUR TESTING IS NOT FAR OFF!

GRIM AND TROUBLED, CURSITOR DOOM CROSSED TO THE STORM-LASHED WINDOW...
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, ANGUS, THIS EVIL STIRS! AN EVIL THAT I KNOW... AS SURELY AS I KNOW THE MYSTIC ARTS... WE SHALL BE CALLED UPON TO FIGHT!

THE SAME LIGHTNING FLASHED UPON A MOULDERING SHEPHERD'S HUT, ALMOST HIDDEN BY TREES...
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE STATUE, SNEED! IT WAS WRONG!
PIPE DOWN! I MUST GET IT PHOTOGRAPHED! DON'T YOU REALISE. THIS COULD BE THE BIGGEST STORY I'VE EVER HANDLED?

SNEED'S FEVERISH EYES GLOATED UPON THE MALIGNANT STONE FEATURES OF KALAK THE DWARF...
THINK OF THE KALAK LEGEND, PILKINS! A MAN SO WICKED THAT HIS OWN PEOPLE TURNED HIM INTO STONE! WHAT WE HAVE HERE MAY NOT BE JUST A STATUE... BUT KALAK HIMSELF!
IT GIVES ME THE SHUDDERS! I DON'T WANT TO EVEN LOOK AT IT ANY MORE! I'M GOING TO TRY AND SLEEP!
CONTINUED OVERLEAF..

SNEED SLEPT, TOO. UNTIL SUDDENLY, AS DAWN CAME, A CROAKING VOICE JERKED HIM AWAKE.
LISTEN TO ME, SNEED, FOR I HAVE NOT MUCH TIME! I CAN SPEAK TO YOU ONLY AS LONG AS THE DAWN LIGHT LASTS!
WHO'S THAT?
WHAT SNEED SAW THEN MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD...
HEAR ME, SNEED! I AM KALAK! I CANNOT MOVE THIS STONE BODY, BUT WHEN THE DAWN LIGHT BATHES ME, THE MIND OF KALAK LIVES ON! I CAN HELP YOU, SNEED!
THAT VOICE! IT'S COMING FROM PILKINS'S LIPS! BUT IT ISN'T HIS VOICE!
THE VOICE CROAKED ON...
DO NOT BE AFRAID, SNEED! I KNOW YOU HAVE DREAMS OF POWER...
... DO NOT LEAVE ME! FOR, I, KALAK, WHO CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE AS WELL AS THE PAST... CAN MAKE THOSE DREAMS COME TRUE!
TRUST ME, SNEED! TAKE NOTE OF WHAT I AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU! THEN LOCK US IN HERE, PILKINS AND I... SO THAT NO-ONE ELSE SHALL FIND US!
AS THE DAWN BEGAN TO FADE...
WHEN YOU LEARN THE TRUTH OF WHAT I HAVE PREDICTED, YOU WILL COME BACK, SNEED! I WILL HAVE MORE TO TELL YOU!
I'LL TELL THE EDITOR PILKINS DECIDED TO QUIT HIS JOB... THAT HE JUST WALKED OUT ON ME!
THAT FATEFUL AFTERNOON, DISASTER STRUCK!
IT'S FALLING! RUN! RUN!
IT HAPPENED! JUST AS KALAK SAID IT WOULD! AND I HAVE THE CAUSE... THE NAMES OF THE INJURED... RIGHT HERE IN THIS NOTE BOOK! I HAD THEM BEFORE IT HAPPENED!
THUS SNEED PULLED OFF HIS FIRST SCOOP!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, SNEED... BUT THIS IS SENSATIONAL! IT'LL BE HOURS BEFORE THE OTHER PAPERS GET THESE FACTS TOGETHER!

BUT IT WAS THE SAME SCOOP THAT PUT CURSITOR DOOM ON TO THE CASE...
The Bugle
SKYSCRAPER COLLAPSE
ANGUS, THIS NEWSPAPER GIVES THE NAME OF A MAN WHO WAS FOUND IN THE BASEMENT. HE WAS A TRAMP! NO-ONE KNEW HE WAS THERE...!
BUT THAT REPORTER KNEW!

MORE THAN 7/M?, ANGUS! I KNOW THAT TRAMP HAD LONG FORGOTTEN HIS OWN NAME!
AND YET THE NEWSPAPER GAVE HIS NAME! MAYBE WE SHOULD PAY THAT NEWS EDITOR A VISIT!

LATER THAT DAY, SNEED DARED NOT FACE CURSITOR DOOM'S SEARCHING STARE...
HOW I GET MY FACTS IS MY BUSINESS! I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING TO HIM!
HE'S SCARED OF SOMETHING! MAYBE OF WHAT DOOM WILL FIND OUT!

WHAT GOT INTO HIM, FOR PETE'S SAKE?
WE HAVE FOUND THE EVIL THAT I SPOKE OF, ANGUS! IT HANGS LIKE A BLACK CLOUD AROUND THAT MAN. FOLLOW HIM!

HEAR ME, SNEED! THAT ENEMY OUTSIDE MUST DIE! THE POWER I PROMISED YOU... IT IS WELL WORTH KILLING FOR!
I WILL KILL, KALAK! TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

WILL ANGUS McCRAGGAN BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE?

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SPINE-CHILLING INSTALMENT!

BIG 'EAD
THAT BLOKE WORKS AT THE BRICK WORKS! HE CAN CARRY OVER TWO HUNDRED BRICKS AT A TIME!
SO WHAT?
BRICK WORKS
I BET YOU COULDN'T!
IF HE CAN — I CAN! BRING ON THE BRICKS AND I'LL PROVE IT!
WORKS
HUH! NOTHING TO IT SO FAR!
THIRTY!
HAVE A CARE THERE - BIG 'EAD!
FORTY-FIVE!
FORTY-SIX, FORTY-?
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU CAN'T CARRY TWO HUNDRED BRICKS!
AND NEITHER CAN ANYBODY ELSE!
THAT BLOKE AT THE BRICKWORKS CAN — HERE HE COMES NOW!
WHAT?
SEE!
PAS

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HIS SPORTING LORDSHIP

HENRY NOBBINS WAS A LABOURER ON A BUILDING SITE UNTIL MR. WIMPOLE, A SOLICITOR, INFORMED HIM THAT HE WAS THE ONLY SURVIVING RELATIVE AND HEIR TO THE TITLE AND ESTATES OF THE LATE EARL OF RANWORTH. AT CASTLE PLONKTON, HIS NEW HOME, HENRY WAS STAGGERED TO HEAR THAT HE HAD INHERITED FIVE MILLION POUNDS...

WHEN HE HAD RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK, HENRY WAS TAKEN ON A TOUR OF CASTLE PLONKTON.

THESE BLOKES WERE ALL GOOD AT SOMETHING OR THE OTHER! HAVE ALL THE EARLS OF RANWORTH BEEN CHAMPIONS, MR. WIMPOLE?

HENRY

WILLIAM Earl of Ranworth JOUSTING CHAMPION

HERBERT Earl of Ranworth ARCHERY CHAMPION

MICHAEL Earl of Ranworth FENCING CHAMPION

RICHARD Earl of Ranworth DUELLING CHAMPION

INDEED THEY HAVE, HENRY... RIGHT UP TO MODERN TIMES!

WHAT ABOUT THESE? THEY'RE BLANK!

AH, YES... I'M AFRAID THE MORE RECENT EARLS OF RANWORTH WERE NOT SPORTINGLY INCLINED... NONE OF THEM BECAME CHAMPIONS OR FULFILLED THE LABELS OF THE PORTRAITS!

CECIL Earl of Ranworth LONDON SYDNEY NON STOP FLIGHT CHAMPION

Earl of Ranworth GOAL SCORER F.A. CUP FINAL

Earl of Ranworth GRAND NATIONAL WINNING JOCKEY

Earl of Ranworth GRAND PRIX MOTOR RALF WINNER

STONE ME, I'M NOT SURPRISED! THESE THINGS ARE NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE! CUP FINAL GOAL-SCORER... GRAND NATIONAL JOCKEY... MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION... GRAND PRIX MOTOR RACE WINNER...

...BOAT RACE WINNER... A CENTURY AT LORDS... MARATHON RACE WINNER... RUGBY LEAGUE CUP FINAL TRY-SCORER! NO-ONE COULD DO ALL THAT LOT!

ER... I'M AFRAID THAT IS THE SLIGHT SNAG WHICH IS ATTACHED TO YOUR INHERITANCE, HENRY..!

Earl of Ranworth

YOU SEE... THE LAST EARL OF RANWORTH MADE IT A CONDITION THAT BEFORE THE NEXT EARL INHERITED ANY MONEY, ALL THE MISSING SPORTING ACHIEVEMENTS HAD TO BE MADE GOOD!

LUNCHEON IS SERVED, M'LORD!

WELL, IT'S ALL OFF THEN, AIN'T IT, MATE? I MEAN, I CAN'T SCORE CUP FINAL GOALS AND WIN GRAND NATIONALS! I'LL 'AVE TO GO BACK 'OME AND STAY PLAIN HENRY NOBBINS...!

MR. WIMPOLE GUIDED HENRY INTO THE VAST DINING HALL...

WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN? ARE YOU LOT JOININ' US FOR DINNER?

WITH YOUR LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION... THE STAFF WOULD LIKE TO MAKE YOU A SMALL PRESENTATION, SIR!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

THE STAFF OF PLONKTON CASTLE HAVE CLUBBED TOGETHER TO BUY THIS REPLICA OF THE GOLD ROSE OF RANWORTH! ALL THE RANWORTH CHAMPIONS CARRIED THE RANWORTH ROSE, SIR... FOR LUCK... AND WE PRESENT IT TO YOU!
AHEM... IT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, I'M SURE, BUT...
WE'RE ALL EVER SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE NEW EARL, SIR... AND DO ALL THOSE MARVELLOUS SPORTING THINGS! NOW THE CASTLE WON'T BE SOLD AND TURNED INTO A GLUE FACTORY...
IF THAT MR. PARKINSON HAD TAKEN OVER, SIR, WE'D ALL HAVE BEEN SACKED... AND SOME OF US HAVE SERVED YOUR FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS! YOU'VE SORT OF SAVED US, SIR!
TUG! TUG!
THREE CHEERS FOR HIS NEW LORDSHIP, HENRY EARL OF RANWORTH! HIP-HIP...
HURRAHHHHHHHHHH!
HRRMMM... YOU'D BETTER TELL THEM YOU DON'T INTEND TO STAY HERE, HENRY!
HENRY SNUFFLED UNCOMFORTABLY...
ER... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. TA VERY MUCH FOR THIS ROSE! I WISH I COULD DO ALL THOSE THINGS... LIKE BEING CHAMPION OF ALMOST EVERYTHING... BUT...
AT THAT MOMENT, A HUGE FRAMED PORTRAIT OF THE PREVIOUS EARL CAUGHT HENRY'S EYE...
SWIPE ME SIDEWAYS... I'M SURE THAT PICTURE MOVED THEN! THE OLD GEEZER SEEMED TO-TO WINK AT ME..!
HENRY... YOU ARE THE LAST OF THE LINE! SHOW YOUR SPIRIT, LAD. THE BLOOD OF THE RANWORTHS RUNS IN YOUR VEINS... THE BLOOD OF CHAMPIONS. HAVE A GO! WHO KNOWS... YOU MAY SUCCEED!
HEY... DID-DID YOU 'EAR THAT? THE OLD GEEZER IN THE PICTURE SPOKE TO ME!
NO... I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING! YOU'D BETTER CARRY ON WITH YOUR SPEECH... EVERYONE'S WAITING!

I-I CAN'T JUST TELL 'EM I'M QUITTING! I MEAN... THEY BELIEVE IN ME... GIVING ME THIS ROSE AN' ALL! AND THAT BLOKE PARKINSON, WHOEVER HE IS... WILL SACK 'EM ALL...

AND SO, HENRY CHANGED HIS MIND... AND HIS SPEECH!

LOOK... I CAN'T PROMISE NOTHING, SEE. BUT I'LL HAVE A GO. I'LL DO ME BEST... I'LL TRY TO BE A CHAMPION... AT LEAST IT'LL STOP OLD PARKINSON GETTIN' HIS HOOKS ON THE CASTLE FOR A WHILE!

OH, I'M SO GLAD, SIR...

HURRAHHHHHHHHH!

THAT EVENING, HENRY WAS INSTALLED IN CASTLE PLONKTON...

OI, JARVIS... HOW DO I GO ABOUT DOIN' ALL THESE THINGS? I MEAN... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SCORE A CUP FINAL GOAL... I COULDN'T EVEN GET INTO A DECENT FOOTBALL TEAM FOR A START!

OH, I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY PROBLEM THERE, SIR..!

AS IT HAPPENS, MERTOWN ROVERS ARE DOING VERY WELL, THIS YEAR. IF THEY WIN THEIR NEXT CUP-TIE, THEY'LL BE IN THE SEMI-FINALS..!

MERTOWN ROVERS? THEY'D NEVER GIVE ME A GAME... THEY'RE IN THE FIRST DIVISION!

OH, I THINK THEY WOULD, SIR! YOU SEE, THE EARL OF RANWORTH HAPPENS TO BE CHAIRMAN OF THE CLUB... AND YOU ARE THE EARL OF RANWORTH! GOODNIGHT, SIR!

SWIPE ME! SO I OWN A FIRST DIVISION FOOTBALL CLUB, DO I? I MIGHT GET FARTHER WITH THIS CHAMPION BUSINESS THAN I THOUGHT!

YEAH... BUT EVEN IF I DO GIVE MYSELF A PLACE IN THE TEAM... AND EVEN IF MERTOWN DO GET INTO THE FINAL... HOW DO I SCORE A GOAL? I CAN'T PLAY FOOTBALL FOR TOFFEE!

DON'T MISS HIS LORDSHIP'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT PLAYING FOOTBALL... IN NEXT WEEK'S HILARIOUS INSTALMENT!

NUTT and BOLT

THE MEN FROM W.H.E.E.Z.E.

AFTER HELPING THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS AND PROFESSOR NUTT TO ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK, CAPTAIN 'LIGHTNING' BOLT IS SUMMONED TO WHITEHALL...

W.H.E.E.Z.E. STANDS FOR WEAPON HANDLING EARLY EXPERIMENTAL AND ZONING ESTABLISHMENT, BOLT! IT'S A NEW DEPARTMENT WE'VE FORMED, AND YOU AND PROFESSOR NUTT WILL BE RUNNING IT!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR. BUT WHAT'LL WE DO?

YOUR JOB WILL BE TO INVENT NEW SECRET WEAPONS, AS AND WHEN THEY'RE NEEDED!

HECK! ME... LIGHTNING BOLT... A BACK-ROOM BOFFIN!

BUT I JOINED UP TO FIGHT...

DON'T WORRY, LIGHTNING, YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF ACTION. THE GERMANS HAVE PACKED THE FRENCH PORT OF ST LAURENT WITH INVASION BARGES, AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO SINK THEM...

NEXT DAY...

...SO FIRST WE FLY OVER ST LAURENT TO SIZE UP THE SITUATION...

PHEW, THAT'S SIMPLE, PROF...IT'S DODGY!

THE WELLINGTON FLOGGED THROUGH THE FLAK...

QUITE, LIGHTNING! THE GERMANS HAVE CRAMMED THE HARBOUR WITH ACK-ACK GUNS. SO ACCURATE BOMBING FROM THE AIR WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE!

DOES IT HAVE TO BE ACCURATE, PROF? COULDN'T WE SPRAY THOSE BARGES WITH BOMBS AND INCENDIARIES?

I FEAR NOT, LIGHTNING. YOU SEE, THE FRENCH TOWNSFOLK WOULD BE BOUND TO SUFFER FROM THE BOMBS THAT FELL WIDE.

HM...NOW I BEGIN TO SEE WHY *WHEEZE* WAS CALLED IN. SO WE'VE GOT TO DREAM UP A SECRET WEAPON THAT COULD BE BROUGHT IN FROM THE SEA...

AS THE SHELL-TORN AIRCRAFT WHEELED AWAY...

THAT MEANS CARRYING THE WEAPON IN A SHIP...AND, HOLY SMOKE, PROF, I'VE GOT AN IDEA. WHY NOT USE A FISHING BOAT LIKE THAT ONE DOWN THERE?

SPLENDID IDEA, LIGHTNING. THE GERMANS WOULD NEVER SUSPECT A MERE FISHING BOAT.

OVER THE CHANNEL...

UUUUH!

NOW, THE NEXT PROBLEM IS TO THINK OF A SUITABLE WEAPON...

YOU'RE WRONG, PROF. THE NEXT *PROBLEM* IS TO GET THIS FLYING SIEVE BACK TO ENGLAND...

THE STRICKEN WELLINGTON LIMPED HOME....
THE ENGINES HAVE PACKED UP, CAPTAIN BOLT. YOU'LL HAVE TO CRASH-LAND!
HECK, AND I CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR THE TREES. BUT THERE'S A CLEARING AHEAD...HOLD TIGHT...
COR!
IN THE NEARBY SAWMILL, LATER...
THERE IT IS, GENTS. IT'S AN OLD ONE, THOUGH... THERE'S A BRAND NEW SAW BEING DELIVERED TODAY...
STOP THAT CARELESS TALK, SMITH. A CAR'S WAITING OUTSIDE FOR THESE FELLOWS, SO THEY NEEDN'T SNOOP ABOUT IN MY SAWMILL ANY LONGER!
A LUMBERMAN HAD BEEN AT WORK IN THE CLEARING...
THERE'S A GIANT SAW UP IN THE MILL, GENTS. I'LL SHOW YOU IF YOU LIKE...
THE BARGES ARE MADE OF TIMBER. A CIRCULAR SAW COULD MAKE MATCHWOOD OF THEM WITHOUT DAMAGING THE HARBOUR. IT WOULD HAVE TO BE MUCH BIGGER THAN THIS ONE, OF COURSE...
THE PROFESSOR'S GOT A GLAZED LOOK ON HIS FACE, CAPTAIN... HE MUST HAVE BEEN HIT BY SOMETHING!
IF I KNOW HIM, HE HAS...BY AN IDEA!
YES YES, LIGHTNING. THE IDEA... FOR A WEAPON TO DESTROY THOSE GERMAN INVASION BARGES!
LIGHTNING DIVED RIGHT THROUGH THE CAR...
A SAW LIKE THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT, LIGHTNING! THE PROBLEM WILL BE TO GET ONE FABRICATED IN TIME
NO SMOKING
HECK, THAT'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL, PROF. YOU DRIVE OFF WITHOUT ME...
AS THE CAR DROVE OFF...
NO SMOKING
AH, HERE COMES MY NEW SAW. WE GOT RID OF THOSE SHADY-LOOKING CHARACTERS JUST IN TIME!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, FAT MAN...
LIGHTNING LEAPT TOWARDS THE TRUCK...
NOW TO MAKE A FAST GETAWAY...I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY WORKING FOR WHEEZE!
ONE GIANT SAW, ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT, SIR! SIGN HERE...
THE SAWMILL OWNER DANCED WITH RAGE...
SIGN FOR WHAT? SOME RUFFIAN IS STEALING MY NEW SAW. STOP, THIEF!
SORRY, FAT MAN. BUT IT'S ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE.
LIGHTNING DROVE THE TRUCK TO WHEEZE'S LABORATORY...
THERE YOU ARE, PROF!
MY WORD! I HOPE THIS SAW CUTS THROUGH THE GERMAN BARGES HALF AS EASILY AS LIGHTNING BOLT CUTS THROUGH RED TAPE! NOW TO START WORK ON WHEEZE'S FIRST SECRET WEAPON.
THE GERMANS GET ALL CUT UP ABOUT NUTT AND BOLT'S SUPER SAW-WEAPON, AS YOU'LL SEE IN NEXT WEEK'S "SMASH!"

THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF JANUS STARK

IT WAS EARLY SUMMER IN THE DEVON COASTAL TOWN OF TORCOMBE, AND IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND AT THAT TIME, THE ARRIVAL OF A TRAVELLING FAIR WAS A GREAT EVENT AMONG THE LOCAL PEOPLE. ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF THE MAIN ATTRACTIONS WAS JANUS STARK, MASTER OF ILLUSION, WHOSE FAME AS AN ESCAPIST HAD SPREAD FAR AND WIDE...

NOW HE WAS ABOUT TO PERFORM HIS LATEST AND MOST DANGEROUS FEAT OF ALL...

ROLL UP, ROLL UP! STEP FORWARD AND WITNESS THE COURAGE OF JANUS STARK AS HE ATTEMPTS THE IMPOSSIBLE!

SLOWLY, THE BARKER SLID JANUS INTO THE GAPING MUZZLE OF A HUGE CANNON...

THIS MIGHTY WEAPON IS LOADED! A FUSE HAS BEEN LIT! AND EVEN THOUGH CHAINED, MY FRIEND WILL ESCAPE BEFORE THE CANNON FIRES!

'TIS MADNESS! HE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

RAMMED DEEP INSIDE THE BARREL, JANUS STARK HAD DISCOVERED THAT THE STRANGE, RUBBER-LIKE QUALITY OF HIS BONES COULD MAKE HIS BODY AS FLEXIBLE AS AN EEL'S...

FIFTEEN SECONDS BEFORE THE POWDER IGNITES! ONCE I HAVE ONE HAND FREE, THE REST WILL BE EASY...

SWIFTLY, THE SPLUTTERING FUSE BURNED TOWARDS THE FIRING-HOLE. AND THEN...

LOOK! AN ARM – HE HAS ONE ARM LOOSE!

TOO LATE... TOO LATE!

BUT SUDDENLY, WITH BARELY A SPLIT SECOND TO SPARE, JANUS WRIGGLED OUT AND UNDER THE DEADLY MUZZLE...

BLAAAAM!

LAWKS, I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S DONE IT!

AS THE CROWD SURGED FORWARD, A BURLY, WELL-DRESSED MAN RUBBED HIS JAW THOUGHTFULLY...

HMMM... SENSATIONAL INDEED! PERHAPS THIS JANUS STARK WOULD BE THE PERFECT CHOICE FOR THE PLAN I HAVE IN MIND!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE STRANGER STEPPED FORWARD...

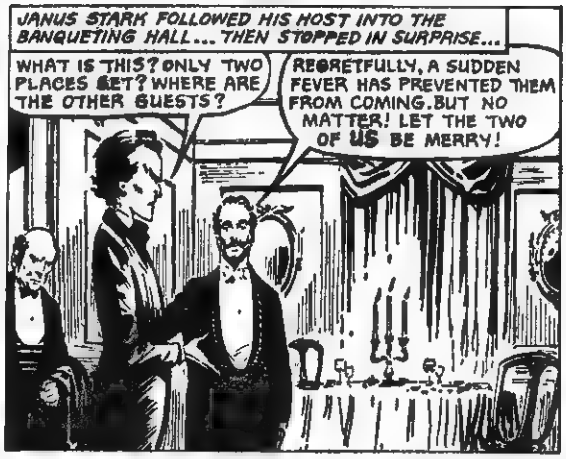
CONGRATULATIONS, YOUNG FELLA! THE NAME'S BENJAMIN HARRINGTON. HAVE YOU HEARD OF ME?

FROM THE TOWNSPEOPLE, YES. FOLKS SAY YOU'RE THE RICHEST LANDOWNER IN THESE PARTS!

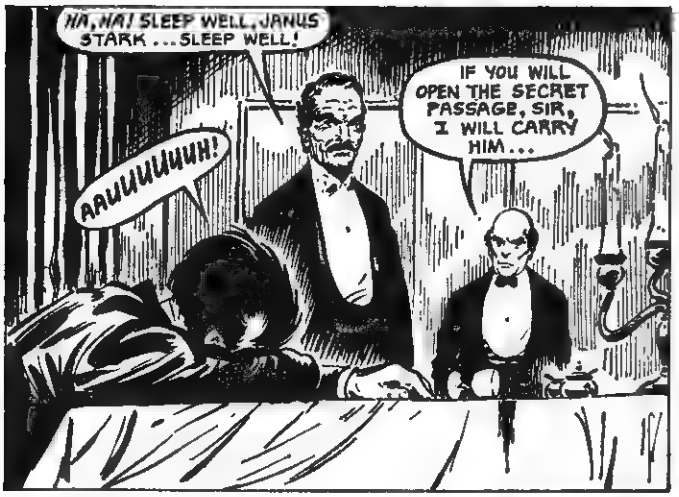
TRUE...AND AFTER WITNESSING YOUR EXHIBITION, I'D LIKE YOU TO BE GUEST OF HONOUR AT A DINNER PARTY I'M GIVING TONIGHT! MY COACHMAN CAN PICK YOU UP AT EIGHT!
SO BE IT! I ENJOY GOOD FOOD AND PLEASANT CONVERSATION!

BUT THAT NIGHT, AS STARK WAS DRIVEN THROUGH HARDINGTON'S ESTATES TOWARDS HIS MANSION...
THE SQUIRE'S TENANTS! LIVING IN HOVELS AND DRESSED IN RAGS! OBVIOUSLY HE IS A MAN WHO CARES LITTLE FOR THE WELFARE OF HIS WORKERS!

BROUGHT UP IN AN ORPHANAGE HIMSELF, STARK HATED THE POVERTY IN WHICH SO MANY PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO LIVE, AND AT THE MANSION...
WELCOME TO HARDINGTON HALL! COME IN...
WEALTH! SPLENDOUR! HE SHOULD BE MADE TO SHARE HIS RICHES!


JANUS STARK FOLLOWED HIS HOST INTO THE BANQUETING HALL... THEN STOPPED IN SURPRISE...
WHAT IS THIS? ONLY TWO PLACES SET? WHERE ARE THE OTHER GUESTS?
REGRETFULLY, A SUDDEN FEVER HAS PREVENTED THEM FROM COMING. BUT NO MATTER! LET THE TWO OF US BE MERRY!

SHRUGGING, JANUS DRANK SOME WINE... AND ALL AT ONCE, THE ROOM SEEMED TO SPIN WILDLY!
WHAT...? M-MY HEAD, I... I...


HA, HA! SLEEP WELL, JANUS STARK ... SLEEP WELL!
AAWUUUUUH!
IF YOU WILL OPEN THE SECRET PASSAGE, SIR, I WILL CARRY HIM...

WITH JANUS SLUNG LIMPLY OVER THE BUTLER'S SHOULDER, HARDINGTON PRESSED A HIDDEN SPRING IN THE OAK-PANELLED WALL...
QUICKLY, BAINES. THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG WILL NOT LAST LONG.
HAVE NO FEAR, SIR. EVERYTHING IS PREPARED DOWN BELOW...

THE TWO MEN FOLLOWED THE DIMLY-LIT SECRET PASSAGE DOWNWARDS UNTIL IT EMERGED ON A BEACH AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS...
THE BOAT—YOU HAVE LOADED IT WITH FOUR BARRELS AS I ORDERED?
YES! THREE FULL... AND ONE EMPTY! READY TO RECEIVE THE LIMP FORM OF JANUS STARK!

TOGETHER, THEY BENT STARK'S BODY ALMOST DOUBLE AND SQUEEZED HIM INTO THE CASK...
'TIS LIKE HANDLING A LUMP OF RUBBER, SQUIRE!
YES... AN AWE-INSPIRING CREATURE INDEED! AND IDEAL FOR OUR PURPOSE, WHAT? HEH! HEH!
CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

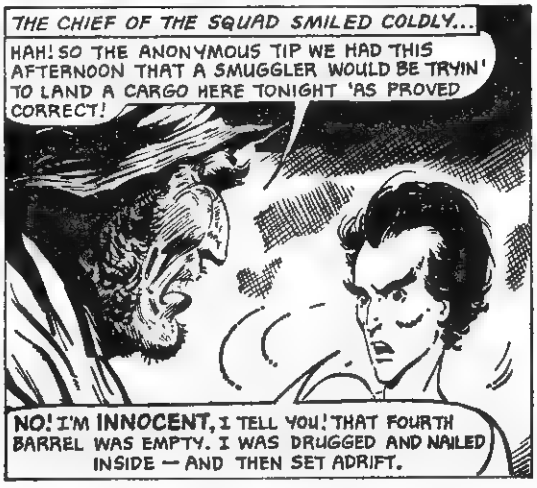
SWIFTLY, THE BUTLER HAMMERED THE LID INTO POSITION...
EXCELLENT! NOW PASS ME THE AXE, QUICKLY!
YES, SIR...
NEXT MOMENT, HARDINGTON CRASHED THE BLADE DOWNWARDS INTO THE FLOOR OF THE BOAT!
IT IS DONE! THE BOAT WILL DRIFT AND TAKE ABOUT HALF AN HOUR TO SINK. STARK WILL RECOVER AND TRY TO ESCAPE IN THAT TIME... EXACTLY OPPOSITE THE STRETCH OF COASTLINE I HAVE SELECTED!
KRAAAK!
WITH ITS SAIL SET, THE LEAKING CRAFT MOVED SLUGGISHLY NORTHWARDS IN A STIFFENING BREEZE...
...AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER, JANUS STARK STIRRED!
BY THE STARS, WHAT...? SQUIRE HARDINGTON — THAT WINE! IT WAS DRUGGED!
I'M TRAPPED INSIDE A BARREL... AND I HEAR WATER SLAPPING AGAINST ITS SIDE!
REALISING HE WAS IN SOME SORT OF DANGER, JANUS FOUND A TINY CRACK IN ONE OF THE PLANKS... AND SLID TWO ELASTIC-LIKE FINGERS THROUGH THE GAP!
NAILS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN IN TO HOLD THE LID DOWN. I MUST PRISE THEM LOOSE...
TWISTING HIS FLEXIBLE BODY THIS WAY AND THAT, JANUS PULLED OUT ONE NAIL... THEN TWO... THEN THREE...
A-A CHINK OF LIGHT! THE LID MOVES!
IT WIDENED TO A MERE SIX-INCH GAP... BUT FOR THE MASTER ESCAPIST, IT WAS SPACE ENOUGH!
UUUUUH... FREE! I'M FREE! BUT ON A BOAT! A SINKING BOAT!
BEWILDERED, STARK LEAPT FOR THE HELM..
THE SHORE IS A MERE TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY! PERHAPS I CAN BEACH HER BEFORE SHE GOES UNDER...

CAUGHT BY THE INCOMING TIDE, THE WATERLOGGED CRAFT ROLLED TOWARDS SOME ROCKS...
YAAAAH!
KERAAASH!

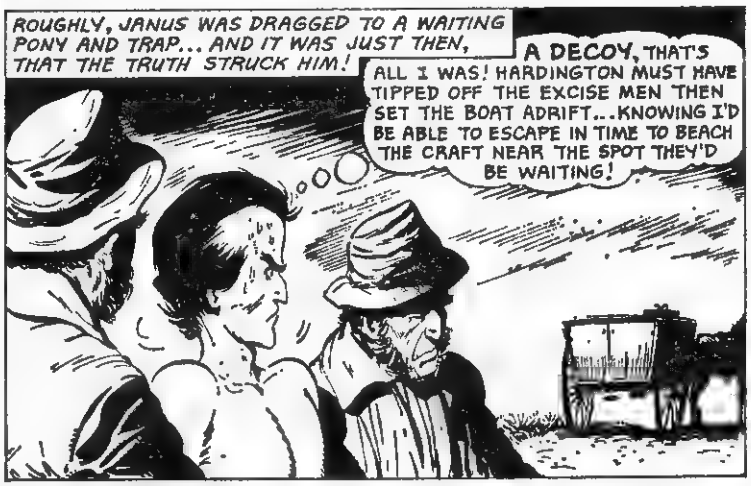
THEN, AS JANUS STAGGERED DAZEDLY ON TO DRY LAND...
THAT'S HIM WITHOUT A DOUBT! SEIZE HIM, ME LADS!
BY THE POWERS, WHAT—?

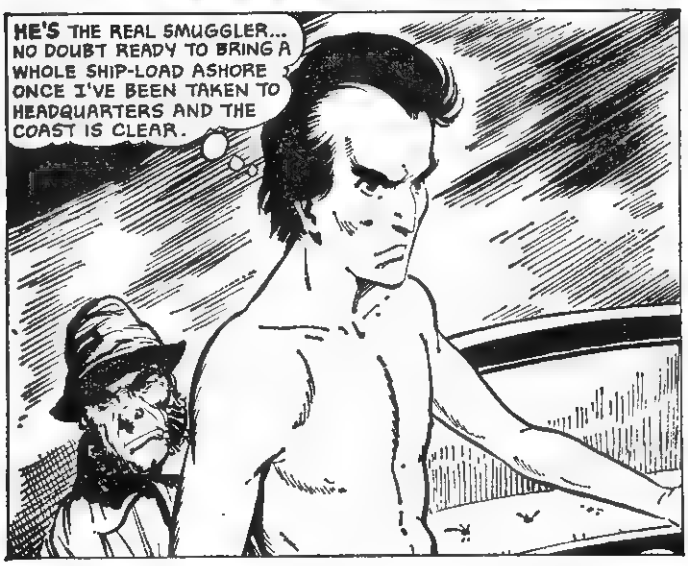
WE BE OFFICERS OF HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS AND EXCISE SERVICE! AND BY LOOK O' IT, WE'VE CAUGHT YE RED-HANDED IN THE ACT OF SMUGGLING. OPEN THEM BARRELS!

SWIFTLY, ONE OF THE CUSTOMS MEN SMASHED AT THE NEAREST ONE...
WELL..?
FINEST FRENCH BRANDY, SIR. NO DOUBT THE OTHER TWO CONTAIN THE SAME!
CRUUUNCH!


THE CHIEF OF THE SQUAD SMILED COLDLY...
HAH! SO THE ANONYMOUS TIP WE HAD THIS AFTERNOON THAT A SMUGGLER WOULD BE TRYIN' TO LAND A CARGO HERE TONIGHT 'AS PROVED CORRECT!
NO! I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU! THAT FOURTH BARREL WAS EMPTY. I WAS DRUGGED AND NAILED INSIDE — AND THEN SET ADRIFT.

A LIKELY FAIRY STORY IF EVER I HEARD ONE! NOW TAKE HIM TO THE ROAD— WE CAN GET THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM AT HEADQUARTERS!
YES, SIR...


ROUGHLY, JANUS WAS DRAGGED TO A WAITING PONY AND TRAP... AND IT WAS JUST THEN, THAT THE TRUTH STRUCK HIM!
A DECOY, THAT'S ALL I WAS! HARDINGTON MUST HAVE TIPPED OFF THE EXCISE MEN THEN SET THE BOAT ADRIFT...KNOWING I'D BE ABLE TO ESCAPE IN TIME TO BEACH THE CRAFT NEAR THE SPOT THEY'D BE WAITING!

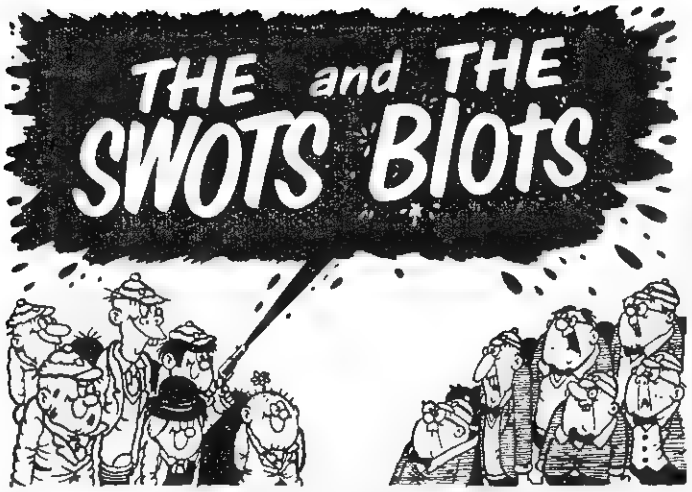

HE'S THE REAL SMUGGLER... NO DOUBT READY TO BRING A WHOLE SHIP-LOAD ASHORE ONCE I'VE BEEN TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS AND THE COAST IS CLEAR.

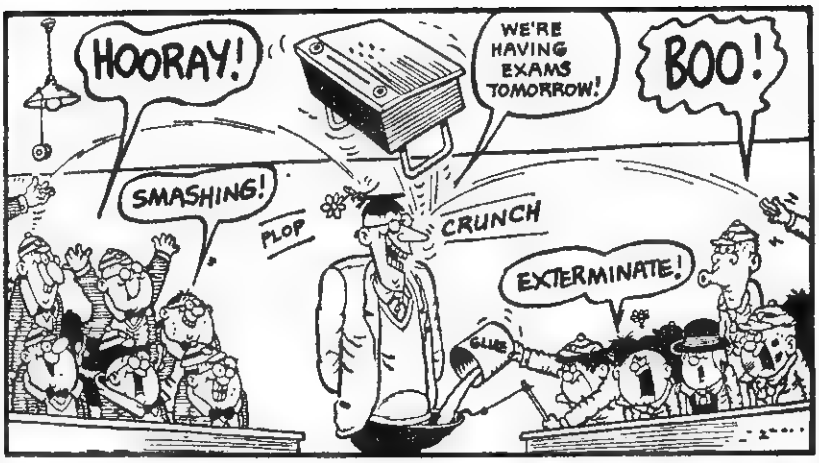
THE PONY AND TRAP MOVED OFF... AND A SUDDEN ANGER BOILED IN THE HEART OF JANUS STARK!
SOMEHOW I MUST GET FREE...RACE BACK TO HARDINGTON HALL AND PROVE MY INNOCENCE! THAT WHEEL! IT WILL BE DANGEROUS... BUT PERHAPS THE RUBBER-LIKE QUALITY OF MY BONES CAN TAKE THE STRAIN!
CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING SNAKE, JANUS THRUST HIS ARM DOWNWARDS... THROUGH THE WHIRLING SPOKES OF THE WHEEL!
CREEAAK!
STRETCHED ALMOST TO BREAKING POINT, HIS FANTASTIC MUSCLES JAMMED THE WHEEL INSTANTLY...
YAAAAGH!
DISENTANGLING HIS ARM, JANUS TOOK TO HIS HEELS...
DONE IT, BY GLORY! NOW FOR HARDINGTON HALL — AND THAT BLACK-HEARTED SQUIRE!
AN HOUR LATER, HE WAS ON THE CLIFF-TOP... GAZING ANGRILY AT THE SCENE BELOW.
A FRENCH BRIG MOORED OFF-SHORE. LINES OF MEN WITH BARRELS. SO I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL...
THAT CLEFT IN THE ROCKS AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF MUST CONNECT WITH A SECRET PASSAGE TO THE CELLARS. IT IS TIME THAT JANUS STARK TOOK HIS REVENGE!
SWIFTLY, HE INCHED HIS WAY ALONG THE CLIFF-FACE.
THAT GRATING! IT NO DOUBT LEADS INTO A CORRIDOR SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BASEMENT. IDEAL FOR MY PURPOSE!
YET AGAIN, THE UNCANNY POWER STORED WITHIN STARK'S LIMBS ENABLED HIM TO PERFORM THE IMPOSSIBLE!
UUUUH! A-ANOTHER FEW FEET, THAT'S ALL! S-SQUEEZE... WRIGGLE... STRETCH!
ONCE INSIDE, HE CAT-FOOTED HIS WAY TOWARDS A LIGHTED DOORWAY. AND THERE...
AAAH, AT LAST! NOW I HAVE IT, HARDINGTON — THE PROOF I NEED!
BUT AS JANUS TURNED, HE ACCIDENTALLY KICKED OVER A TIN MUG. AND NEXT MOMENT...
CLANG! TING!
MA FOI! UP THERE, SQUIRE... AN INTRUDER!
JANUS STARK, BY THUNDER! GET HIM, LADS. HURRY!

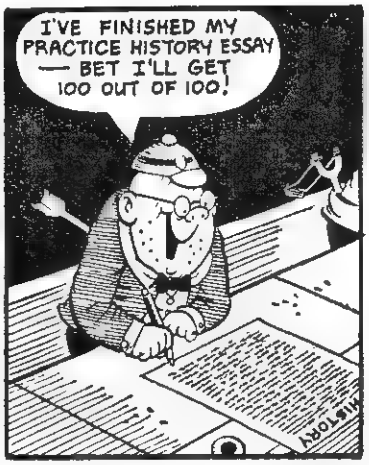
THREE BURLY SAILORS RUSHED THE STAIRS...BUT THE GRIM-FACED STARK WAS READY...
YAAAAAGH!
WHZZZZZZ!
FOOLS! IDIOTS! HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!
BUT AS HARDINGTON PULLED OUT A GUN, JANUS SLID A RUBBER-LIKE FOOT UNDER THE STACK OF BARRELS ON THE LANDING...
AND NEXT MOMENT...
ZOOOM!
THUMP!
BLAM!
YAAAAGH!
MINUTES LATER, IT WAS ALL OVER... AND THE SMUGGLERS LAY HELPLESS!
SHIP'S PAPERS, EH? A BILL OF SALE FOR CONTRABAND GOODS TO A CERTAIN BENJAMIN HARDINGTON! AMPLE EVIDENCE FOR THE EXCISE MEN, I WOULD SAY...
CURSE YOU, JANUS STARK! CURSE YOU TO THE GATES OF ETERNITY!
THE ESCAPIST LAUGHED, AND OPENED A MONEY CHEST HE HAD ALSO FOUND NEARBY...
A FORTUNE IN GOLDEN GUINEAS FROM YOUR LIFE OF CRIME, EH? WELL, I KNOW WHERE THIS MUST GO, BENJAMIN HARDINGTON! FAREWELL!
AND SO IT WAS, THAT AS DAWN BROKE OVER THE SQUIRE'S ESTATES, A LOUD NOISE SUMMONED THE TENANTS FROM FAR AND WIDE...
CLANG!
DOING!
BOING!
BY THE STARS, WHAT IS IT? THE CHURCH BELL! WHO RINGS IT? WHO CAN SUMMON US AT THIS HOUR?
AMAZED, THE VILLAGERS GATHERED. AND THERE, GLITTERING ON THE STEPS OF THE CHURCH, WAS...
A CHEST! A CHEST OF GOLDEN GUINEAS!
YES, AND FOR US, TOO, MY PEOPLE! THE NOTE SAYS... "TO ALL THOSE IN NEED... FROM ONE WHO NO LONGER REQUIRES IT!"
HALF A MILE AWAY, JANUS STARK DID NOT EVEN LOOK BACK. FOR NOW HE WAS FREE TO LEAVE... TO FACE THE NEW ADVENTURES WHICH SURELY LAY AHEAD!
BE SURE NOT TO MISS THE NEXT INTRIGUING TALE IN THIS SERIES — IN "SMASH!"

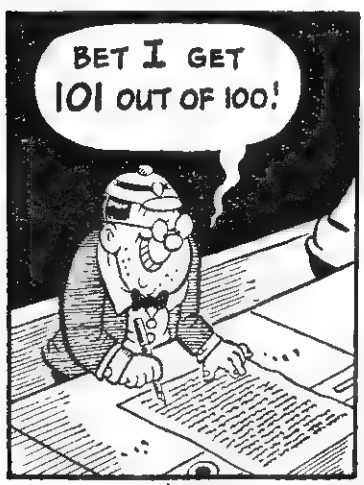
THE and THE SWOTS Blots

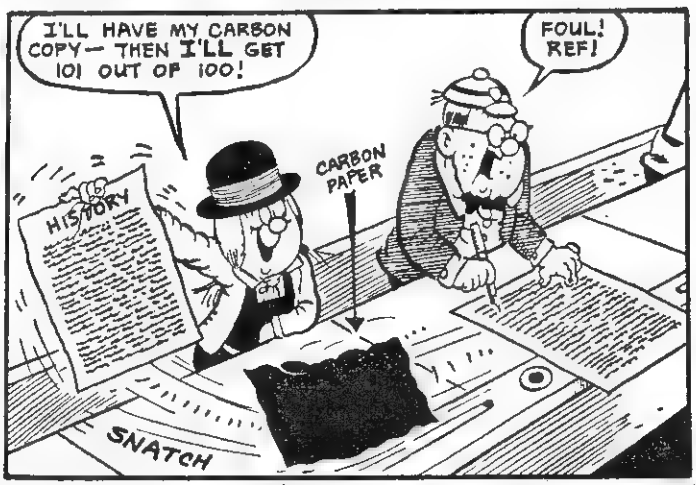


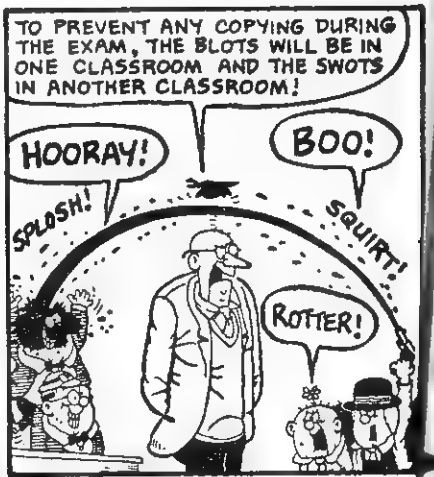


GROAN! I'LL HAVE TO STAY OFF SCHOOL DURIN' THE EXAM— CHOKE! GASP! I'VE GOT THE DREADED SPOTTY PLAGUE!
STAGGER
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
RIP
FLOP








TO PREVENT ANY COPYING DURING THE EXAM, THE BLOTS WILL BE IN ONE CLASSROOM AND THE SWOTS IN ANOTHER CLASSROOM!
HOORAY!
BOO!
SPLOSH!
SQUIRT!
ROTTER!

OOH, HOW KIND!
CAN I PUT THE INK OUT IN THE INKWELLS FOR YOU, SIR?
OOOOOH! THE PAIN!
TITTER! I SHOULDN'T HAVE HELD THE BOTTLE BY THE CORK!
INK
CRUNCH!
STAY IN CLASS DURING PLAYTIME AND WRITE OUT 100 LINES!
SUCK!
THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!
WINK
SO DURING PLAYTIME GEORGE GOT BUSY WITH HIS WOODWORK SET...
I'LL SOON FIX TEACHER'S DESK!
HINGES
SCREWS
ZZZ
THE SWOTS' CLASSROOM IS LOCKED UP SO YOU BLOTS CAN'T SABOTAGE THEM!
OHO!
TITTER!
I'LL FILL UP THE SWOTS' INKWELLS WITH INVISIBLE INK!
LATER... TA-RA! IT'S EXAM TIME!
I'LL HELP MYSELF TO ONE OF THE QUESTION PAPERS!
RIGHT, BLOTS, THAT'S THE QUESTION PAPERS HANDED OUT— GET WORKING! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO CHEERFUL ABOUT?
WHIRRR
?
ANSWER TO Question 23— BATTLE OF QUEBEC 1759
WE CAN'T GO WRONG WITH GEORGE HOLDIN' UP THE ANSWERS!
AMAZING! YOU BLOTS HAVE ALL GOT 100 OUT OF 100! YOU USUALLY GET 0 OUT OF 100!
FANCY THAT!
SCHOOL DINNER
BUT THE SWOTS HAVE ALL HANDED IN BLANK PAPERS! SO I'M GIVING THE PRIZE TO THE BLOTS!
EH?
TA!
SWEETS
WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK!
HARD LUCK, SLIMEY! NEVER MIND! WE'LL SHARE OUR BAG OF SWEETS WITH YOU SWOTS TO SHOW YOU FUND WE ARE!
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
BROOL
SWEETS
CHOMP—WE'LL HAVE THE SWEETS — AN' YOU CAN HAVE THE BAG!
SWEETS
PLOP!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU DOZY BLOTS DID IT— US SWOTS ARE TOP OF THE CLASS AT HISTORY, TOP OF THE CLASS AT SUMS, TOP OF THE CLASS AT FRENCH AN' GEOGRAPHY!
BUT WE'RE TOP OF THE CLASS AT CHEATING!
JOIN THE SWOTS AND THE BLOTS FOR MORE LAUGHS IN NEXT WEEK'S "SMASH!"
SCOOT

SERGEANT ROCK -PARATROOPER

HELLO, PALS, I'M SERGEANT ROCK. YOU KNOW, WHEN THERE'S A WAR ON SOME MEN ARE AS KEEN TO GET INTO IT AS OTHERS ARE TO GET OUT OF IT. BUT WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT MOST MEN FIGHT WELL..
SOME CHAPS WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET INTO THE FIGHTING LINE. ONE MAN I KNEW WAS SO DETERMINED TO BE A 'RED DEVIL' THAT HE COMMITTED A CRIME—A MILITARY CRIME, ANYWAY—AND HE GOT A LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!

DON BARTON WAS HIS NAME. A YOUNG SERGEANT IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE IN EGYPT. WHEN THEY ASKED FOR PARACHUTE VOLUNTEERS HE GOT HIS NAME RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE LIST.

HE CONTROLLED HIS DROP SO THAT HE WOULD HIT THE TARGET AREA. THEN A PANEL OF HIS 'CHUTE SPLIT, AND HE FELL MUCH TOO FAST, HITTING THE GROUND WITH STUNNING FORCE.

HE HAD BROKEN HIS ANKLE, AND FOR THREE MONTHS HE WAS IN HOSPITAL. THEN HE CAME BEFORE THE MEDICAL BOARD –

YOU WON'T BE FIT FOR THE PARATROOPS, OR THE INFANTRY, IT'S A NON-COMBATANT UNIT FOR YOU, SERGEANT.

I'M OKAY, SIR! I COULD MARCH MILES, AND JUMP AS WELL AS EVER..

BUT THE DOCTORS WERE ADAMANT...

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT AN AIRFIELD, HE GOT TALKING TO A SERGEANT CLAVERING, WHO WAS ON HIS WAY TO BIZERTA TO JOIN A NEWLY-FORMED PARACHUTE BATTALION...

NON-COMBATANT UNIT, EH? WHAT ARE YOU GROUSING ABOUT? I SAW ALL THE FIGHTING I WANTED AT SIDI REZEGH, AND NOW THE SICILY INVASION...

WHEN THEY WERE ONLY ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM BIZERTA, A LONE JU.88, ON A SNEAK RAID, SPOTTED THE UNARMED TRANSPORT PLANE...

THIS IS IT! WE'RE A SITTING DUCK!

THE TRANSPORT WENT DOWN, DESPERATELY THE PILOT TRIED TO FLATTEN OUT, BUT IT HIT THE GROUND WITH THE SPLINTERING CRACK AND SQUEAL OF RENDING METAL...

THE TWO SERGEANTS WERE NOT BADLY HURT. THEY MANAGED TO DRAG THE INJURED PILOT FROM THE WRECKAGE. BUT EVEN AS THEY DID SO THE HUN CAME BACK...

THE DEVIL! HE ISN'T SATISFIED YET!

CLAVERING STAGGERED WITH THE PILOT TOWARDS THE NEAREST COVER. BUT JUST AS HE REACHED IT A BULLET STRUCK HIM DOWN!

AAGH-H!

DRAGGING THE PILOT INTO SAFETY DON FOUND THAT CLAVERING HAD BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY. ONLY THEN, DID A DESPERATE IDEA COME TO HIM...

WHY CAN'T I CHANGE IDENTITY WITH CLAVERING? ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TAKE HIS PAPERS AND IDENTITY DISC, AND WEAR HIS RED BERET. EVEN IF I GET FOUND OUT IN THE END I'LL HAVE BEEN A RED DEVIL!

DON STOPPED A TRUCK AND AFTER THE PILOT HAD BEEN RUSHED TO HOSPITAL, HE GOT A LIFT TO BIZERTA AND DULY REPORTED TO THE PARACHUTE H.Q.

SERGEANT CLAVERING?... YES, YOU'LL TAKE NINE PLATOON, IN CAPT. PURCELL'S COMPANY...

WHEN HE FIRST PARADED HIS PLATOON AND CALLED THE ROLL, DON FELT THE SUDDEN FIERCE ENMITY THAT CAME FROM ONE MAN...

GRIMSHAW!

HERE!

AFTERWARDS PRIVATE GRIMSHAW SOUGHT HIM OUT...

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU WERE IN THE FIFTH WESSEX BEFORE YOU WENT AIRBORNE, WEREN'T YOU?

WHAT IF I WAS?

DON HAD TO STEEL HIMSELF TO REMEMBER THAT HE HAD A NEW IDENTITY NOW.

I KNOW THE SORT OF CREEP YOU ARE- AND I'M NOT FORGETTING!

STOW IT, GRIMSHAW, OR YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE BEFORE YOU CAN CATCH YOUR BREATH! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR TENT!

DON DID NOT KNOW WHAT GRIMSHAW WAS TALKING ABOUT, BUT HE HAD TO BLUFF IT OUT.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

THE INVASION WAS SUDDENLY ADVANCED A WEEK, AND DON HAD BEEN WITH THE UNIT ONLY TWO DAYS WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF DROPPING OVER THE GERMAN-HELD AIRFIELD AT PACHINO...

WHEN DON HIT THE GROUND HE FELT THE SICKENING JAR, AND THE PAIN. GRITTING HIS TEETH HE LED HIS MEN FORWARD...

COME ON, LADS! THAT'S OUR OBJECTIVE - THOSE MACHINE-GUNS!

AS THEY CHARGED THROUGH THE SCRUB, DON FOUND GRIMSHAW CLOSE BESIDE HIM....

THE RED DEVILS SWEPT THROUGH AND OVER THE RACKETTING GUNS...

THE RED DEVILS!

HIMMEL! THE BEST FIGHTERS IN THE BRITISH ARMY!

OVERHEAD, LANCASTERS UNLOADED STICKS OF BOMBS ON THE NORTH OF THE AIRFIELD, AND SOME OF THEM BURST PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE ADVANCING PARATROOPS...

COME ON, NEVER MIND THEM!

IN THE SMOKE AND CONFUSION THE SKYMEN WERE SPLIT INTO SMALL PARTIES. SWIFTLY DON TRIED TO ORGANISE A DEFENSIVE POSITION AGAINST THE COUNTER ATTACK THAT WAS SURE TO COME..

THIS IS THE KEY POSITION. YOU HANG ON HERE, AND I'LL SCRAPE AROUND AND FIND SOME REINFORCEMENTS.

OKAY, SARGE.

AS HE DODGED BACK DON SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY THE HULKING FIGURE OF GRIMSHAW - HIS FACE TWISTED WITH HATRED AND CONTEMPT...

SO YOU'RE AT IT AGAIN, CLAVERING! RUNNING AWAY, LEAVING YOUR MEN IN THE LURCH, LIKE YOU DID AT SIDI REZEGH!

WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT?

GRIMSHAW THRUST HIS LIVID FACE FORWARD...

AT SIDI REZEGH, YOU LEFT YOUR MEN - AND THE WHOLE PLATOON WAS PRACTICALLY WIPED OUT. I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT FROM ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS.

KNOW SOMETHING? ONE OF THE MEN KILLED WAS MY BROTHER DAVE! DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T REMEMBER THE NAME - DAVE GRIMSHAW!

ONLY THEN DID DON REALISE THAT HE HAD TAKEN ON THE IDENTITY OF A MAN WHO HAD SEEMED TO HAVE BROKEN DOWN WHEN THE BIG TEST CAME...

YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY! I'M GOING TO FIND REINFORCEMENTS!

OH YEAH? THIS IS WHERE WE SETTLE ACCOUNTS! BATTLE OR NO BATTLE, I'M GOING TO STOP YOU RUNNING AWAY AGAIN!

GRIMSHAW SWUNG A BIG FIST AND DON DUCKED. THEN DON HAD HIM IN AN IRON GRIP....
LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOL! THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR A PRIVATE WAR. I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING...
THE WHISTLE AND CRASH OF A MORTAR BOMB CAME - AND BLASTED THEM APART. AS THEY DID SO THEY SAW THE GERMANS COMING!
THEY'RE COMING IN FROM THE FLANK, IN A SURPRISE ATTACK THAT'LL TAKE OUR LADS ON THE HILLOCK IN THE REAR...
THEIR PRIVATE WAR FORGOTTEN, THE TWO 'RED DEVILS' FOUND THEMSELVES FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES - AND FOR THE LIVES OF THEIR COMRADES!
DON FORGOT HIS INJURED LEG, AND WHEN HIS STEN-GUN WAS EMPTY HE USED IT LIKE A CLUB...
UGH-H!
WHILE HE RELOADED WITH EXPERT SPEED, GRIMSHAW KEPT THE GERMANS AT BAY WITH DEADLY BURSTS OF FIRE...
KEEP IT UP!
GRENADES CAME CURLING OVER FROM THE GERMANS, EXPLODING INTO SHOWERS OF DEADLY SPLINTERS. GRIMSHAW GAVE A SUDDEN, CONVULSIVE JERK...
I'M HIT!
THEN CAME A SAVAGE GERMAN RUSH - BUT DON STOOD HIS GROUND...
THE STUNNING IMPACT OF A BULLET NUMBED DON'S LEFT LEG, AND HE DROPPED...
BUT HE STILL WENT ON FIRING!
SOON A FRESH WAVE OF NEWLY-LANDED GLIDER TROOPS CAME SWARMING ACROSS THE AIRFIELD...
NOW THE POSITION WAS SAFELY HELD, AND THE GERMANS BEGAN TO RETIRE...
GRIMSHAW GAVE A TWISTED GRIN...
YOU FOUGHT ALL RIGHT, THEN, SARGE, BUT I HATE OWING MY LIFE TO A RAT LIKE YOU! I CAN'T FORGET SIDI REZEGH - AND DAVE!
LISTEN, YOU OAF - YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE. I'M NOT SERGEANT CLAVERING!
DON BARTON TOLD GRIMSHAW EVERYTHING..
WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN DEAD TROUBLE WHEN THE ARMY FINDS OUT! AND YOU PICKED A RIGHT ONE TO IMPERSONATE WHEN YOU CHOSE CLAVERING!
MAYBE, BUT CLAVERING HAS PAID HIS DEBT. HE DIED TRYING TO SAVE ANOTHER MAN..
BUT BECAUSE DON BARTON HAD FOUGHT SO WELL THE ARMY WASN'T TOO HARD ON HIM. NOW HE AND GRIMSHAW ARE CONVALESCING TOGETHER, AND ARE THE BEST OF PALS. FUNNY, ISN'T IT, THE WAY THINGS TURN OUT? — AS YOU'LL DISCOVER, TOO, IN MY STORY NEXT WEEK!

FREE!

4 COLOUR PRINTS OF THE APOLLO-8 MISSION

from

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(Only applications post-marked on or before 5th May 1969 will be accepted.)

KING OF THE RING

GLOBE-TROTTING MATMAN KEN KING AND HIS MANAGER PAL BLARNEY STONE WERE IN SPAIN, WHERE THEY WERE UNWITTINGLY CAUGHT UP IN A PLAN BY A CROOKED MASTER-MIND CALLED THE THINKER... WHICH LANDED BOTH THE PALS IN A SPANISH JAIL!

WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT FIGHT WAS FIXED! IT WASN'T OUR FAULT THE FANS BUSTED UP THE HALL!

BLARNEY'S RIGHT, INSPECTOR GOMEZ! CHECK OUR RECORDS! WE'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING CROOKED! WE WERE FOOLED JUST AS MUCH AS THE FANS WERE!

WE'LL WILLINGLY PAY FOR ALL THE DAMAGE JUST AS SOON AS WE CAN GET OUT AND EARN SOME MONEY...

I DO NOT THINK YOU ARE CROOKS, SENORS! AND IT IS TRUE YOU CANNOT PAY FOR THE DAMAGE UNTIL YOU GET MONEY!

VERY WELL... GO AND EARN MONEY! YOU SHOULD SEEK OUT THE MAN WHO CAUGHT YOU UP IN THIS SWINDLE... MAKE HIM PAY!

DON'T WORRY, INSPECTOR! WE'LL FIND HIM, WHEREVER HE IS!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE THINKER WAS ADDRESSING HIS TEAM OF CROOKED WRESTLERS IN THE TOWN OF VALLANDO...

WHY DID YOU PICK ON THIS CRUMMY TOWN, BOSS?

TWO REASONS! ONE, BECAUSE OF THE FIESTA, MANY PEOPLE WILL PAY TO SEE A WRESTLING MATCH... AND TWO, IT WILL ENABLE ME TO PAY BACK KEN KING FOR RUINING MY FIRST OPERATION!

BUT MORE IMPORTANT, EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME A VERY VALUABLE PAINTING IS TAKEN OUT OF SEALED STORAGE AND PLACED ON PUBLIC VIEW! THIS PAINTING I INTEND TO STEAL... AND HOLD TO RANSOM FOR A FORTUNE!

FOR BOTH THESE OPERATIONS, I SHALL CHOOSE YOU.. AND YOUR PARTNER, OF COURSE!

THE HAWK GETS ALL THE FUN! JUST BECAUSE THEY HAVE A GOOD GIMMICK!

AND THAT NIGHT, AS A STEEL-HELMETED GUARD WATCHED OVER THE VALUABLE PAINTING..

HUUHH? MY RIFLE..! IT FLIES!

GREAT! THAT'S DISARMED HIM! NOW... STEP UP THE POWER!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

NEXT MOMENT...
NOW I'M FLYING.. GNNNG!
HE WON'T GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE. USE THE SKELETON KEY TO LET US IN!
SWIFTLY THE WRESTLER CALLED THE HAWK STRIPPED THE CANVAS FROM THE FRAME...
THAT MAGNETIC GIZMO OF YOURS IS A REAL WONDER, PODGY! THIS PICTURE SHOULD PULL US IN THOUSANDS!
WE DON'T NEED THE FRAME..
IT WAS JUST BAD LUCK THAT KEN AND BLARNEY'S CAR SHOULD HAVE BEEN PARKED OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM!
EL VILLALDO
GAAH, I DIDN'T SAY CHUCK IT OUT OF THE WINDOW!
TOMORROW WE'LL FIND THE GUY WHO WIRED US TO COME HERE FOR A FIGHT, KID! FIRST, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SCRAPE UP ENOUGH CASH FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!
BUT HARDLY HAD THE PAIR CLIMBED INTO BED...
INSPECTOR GOMEZ!
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, SENORS! I FOLLOW YOU TO SEE IF I CAN HELP YOU LOCATE THE SWINDLER YOU SEEK! AND WHAT DO I FIND..?
...THIS IN YOUR CAR! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH OUR GREAT PAINTING?
ONCE AGAIN THE PALS FOUND THEMSELVES BEHIND BARS!
I KEEP TELLING YOU... WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR PERISHING PICTURE! WE'RE WRESTLERS, NOT ART DEALERS!
CAPITANO, A SENOR WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU!
IT WAS THE THINKER!
MY NAME IS JONES... I ARRANGED TONIGHT'S WRESTLING BOUT BETWEEN KING AND MY OWN FIGHTER, KNOWN AS THE HAWK! MANY PEOPLE WILL BE UPSET IF THERE'S NO FIGHT!
...AND THE THINKER WILL LOSE A LOT OF GATE MONEY IF THE FIGHT IS CANCELLED!
BUT IF YOU ALLOW YOUR PRISONERS OUT, JUST FOR THIS FIGHT... THE PEOPLE WILL BE SO GRATEFUL...!
THAT IS TRUE, SENOR JONES. VERY WELL, I AGREE! BUT THE HALL WILL BE WELL GUARDED. THE PICTURE-STEALERS SHALL NOT ESCAPE JUSTICE!
AND SO, THAT NIGHT...
BOOOO! THIEF! BANDIT! WE HOPE THE HAWK MAKES THE MINCEMEAT OF YOU!
PHEW! WHAT A SPOT! IF YOU WIN, THE CROWD WILL MAKE MINCEMEAT OF US!
THEN, IN FLEW THE HAWK...
OLÉ! BRAVO!
THE HAWK
BLARNEY, THAT GUY CAN VIRTUALLY FLY!
SENORRRSS! BEHOLD! LIKE A HAWK HE HOVERS... LIKE A HAWK HE STRIKES!

WHEN THE BELL SOUNDED...
BOOOO!
THAT'S IT, KID! GIVE 'IM A TOUCH OF THE OLD BEAR-HUG!
BUT EVEN THOUGH KEN'S GRIP TIGHTENED...
SUFFERING CATS! I...I CAN'T HOLD HIM!
OLÉ! SEE! THE HAWK TAKES TO THE AIR!
FOR AN INSTANT THE HAWK HOVERED, THEN...
YEEEEEEEE-AAAAAAA!
BRAVO! THE HAWK STRIKES!
GNNNNNG!
STREWTH! IF THIS KEEPS UP! WE'LL BE LAUGHED OUT OF THE WRESTLING RING AS WELL!
CAN KEN KING FIND AN ANSWER TO THESE UNUSUAL TACTICS?
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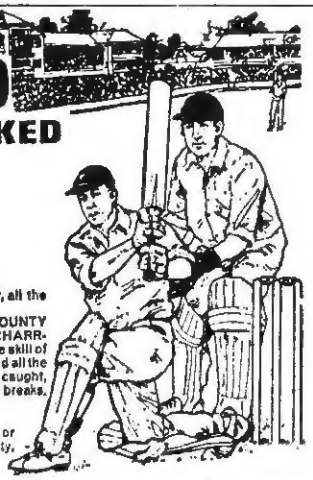

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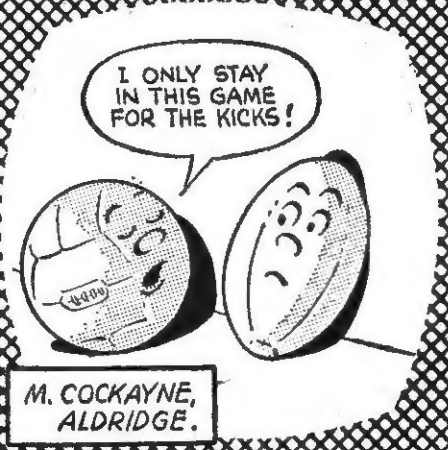

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